

# THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

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AGE WHEN ASSURED, 25.

No. of Years Premium paid.	Original Sum Assured.	Amount of Premiums paid.	Reversionary Bonus.	Sum now Assured.	Per-cent-age of Reversionary Bonus on the Amount of Premiums paid.
1	£ 1000	£ 153 8 4	£ 85 1 1	£ 1085 15 1	55·80%
2	1000	103 11 8	63 2 7	1083 2 7	57·69%
3	1000	65 15 0	39 0 1	1039 0 1	59·32%
4	1000	21 18 4	13 7 8	1013 7 8	61·06%

AGE WHEN ASSURED, 60.

No. of Years Premiums paid.	Original Sum Assured.	Amount of Premiums paid.	Reversionary Bonus.	Sum now Assured.	Per-cent-age of Reversionary Bonus on the Amount of Premiums paid.
1	£ 1000	£ 100 4 6	£ 157 5 5	£ 1157 5 5	31·80%
2	1000	323 2 8	115 10 6	1135 19 6	32·71%
3	1000	211 17 6	71 7 10	1021 7 10	33·69%
4	1000	70 12 6	24 10 8	1024 10 8	34·73%

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ESTABLISHED 1818.

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"Messrs. Thos. Milner and Son, 47A, Moorgate-street.

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Shippers, Outfitters, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled persons or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the Public by selling to the Trade and others, under the name of "REVENANT MARKING INK," this is to give Notice, that I am the Original and Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said Article, and do not employ any Traveller or authorise any persons to represent themselves as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said Ink. This Caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the Public, and serious injury to myself. E. R. BOND, Sole Executrix and Widow of the late John Bond, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

The SCALE of CHARGES for ADVERTISEMENTS is as follows:

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Five lines	5 0
Each succeeding line	0 6

Country friends, who wish to remit the cost of their advertisements with the orders for inserting them, are requested to observe that each line of print contains, on an average, ten words.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JL. J. M."—We know of no cheap work on the subject.  
"A SUBSCRIBER" (Pontypool).—It has not been received.

This day,

**BEAUTIFUL POETRY**, No. XIII., selected by the Editors of the *Critic*, price 3d. Also, Parts I., II., and III., price 1s. each.

**SACRED POETRY**, No. II., price 3d., selected by the Editors of the *Clerical Journal*.

**WIT AND HUMOUR**, No. VI., price 3d., and Part I., price 1s.

**SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH LITERATURE**, translated, No. II., price 3d., containing the Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

N.B.—Copies of all the above are stamped for post, and will be sent to any person inclosing four postage stamps to the *Critic* Office.

Commencing with the next number,

**The Clerical Journal**

AND CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE

Will, at the request of its readers, be published fortnightly instead of monthly, that it may contain all the Ecclesiastical Intelligence of the time, with a more complete record of the progress of Religious Literature and Art. For this purpose it has engaged correspondents who will regularly supply the Sayings and Doings of the Churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland, of the Colonial Churches, and of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In addition to the above it publishes a regular review of religious literature abroad, notices of all new religious books, notes and queries, correspondence of the clergy on Church matters, and all the intelligence with which the clergy and members of the church require to be acquainted.

The *Clerical Journal* will henceforth appear on the 8th and 22nd days of every month. The price will be 8d. or 9d., stamped. To subscribers paying in advance it will be supplied at 12s. for the year; and to subscribers to the *Critic*, prepaying, at only 10s. for the year.

No. IV. will be published on the 22nd instant. A copy sent to any person inclosing eight postage stamps to the *Clerical Journal* Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

TO READERS AND ADVERTISERS.  
In our next number we shall introduce to the public ANOTHER NEW POET.

Of this number many thousand extra copies will be circulated; and persons desirous of availing themselves of it for advertisements are requested to forward them by the 25th inst.

Copies of that number of THE CRITIC, which we can assure the reader will contain some remarkable compositions, will be sent to any person inclosing seven postage stamps to the CRITIC Office.

**STATE AND PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.**  
In answer to various inquiries pressed on him with great pertinacity and zeal in the House of Commons, Lord JOHN RUSSELL has announced that, although he intends soon to move the second reading of his Education Bill, yet that he will not, in the event of his motion being successful, seek to forward it to its final stage during this session of Parliament. Regarded from either a political or an educational point of view, the proposed procedure of his Lordship can scarcely be censured. With the former aspect we can, of course, here have very little to do; but it is in vain to conceal the fact that the Bill is threatened with a very harassing opposition by the parliamentary friends of the voluntary principle, such as Mr. MIAEL of the *Nonconformist*—while, on the other hand, the measure is of too limited a kind to provoke much enthusiasm among the self-styled friends of education. Equally vain would it be to conceal our own conviction that, for all practical purposes, the system of National Education now operative under a Committee of Privy Council might be judiciously so expanded and altered, as to effect all the objects which Lord JOHN proposes to attain by the present measure, and without exciting any of the commotion which the passing of that measure would be sure to arouse.

What are the objections to the present system? What are the evils it leaves unchecked, or the deficiencies it winks at, so as to leave the ground open for agitation? The first and most obvious of its deficiencies is that it is comparatively

neglectful of that outcast class of children who require some sort of juvenile training most, and from whom the State, if they are left to themselves, has most to fear. We must confess that we expect but little practical result from the well-intentioned Bill which Lord SHAFESBURY lately introduced into the House of Lords. But already, in the fast-extending system of what are called "Ragged Schools," there exists a useful and powerful machinery, with which the State would do well to co-operate, for the reclamation of that class of children; and we must confess that we have seen with some surprise and regret a kind of coyness on the part of the Committee of Privy Council to give these schools the aid which they so eminently require, and, in many cases, probably deserve. The newly-published Minutes of the Committee of Council contain a correspondence between the promoters of Ragged Schools, on the one hand, and the Secretary to the Committee, on the other; and from the refusal, on the part of the latter, "to recognise," in their own words, "them," i.e. Ragged Schools, "specially, in distributing the grant for education," we cannot but augur a heavy blow and discouragement to a class of establishments which very much require the judicious aid and strict supervision of the State. Were both of these granted, we have little doubt that, as in the case of schools of a higher grade, the supply of school-accommodation at least, and some species at least of training, would before long be equal to the more pressing requirements of the young persons with whom those schools propose to deal.

Ascending now to a higher class of educational establishments, we find that the chief objection to the present confessedly inadequate system refers to the imperfect quality of the public education generally given—even though the truth of Mr. BAINES's questionable statistics were granted, and it were admitted that the quantity of existing school-accommodation was sufficient to meet the requirements of the nation. How can the State, without an organic change in the present system, obviate this evil? Without wishing to be or to seem oracular, we reply that it can do this in two ways, by repressing the bad and by furthering the good: best of all by a union of both methods. By a more and more rigid inspection of the schools which receive its aid, by insisting on a certain standard of excellence in all schools (above the ragged class), the State can negatively repress the bad. By an increase of its grants, on the other hand, both to good schools and to good teachers, it can further and expand and augment what is excellent. The former method requires an increase in the staff of inspectors; and the latter a still larger appeal to the liberality of Parliament—an appeal which would not be made in vain. For, in the face of a direct application of that kind, opposition of the MIAEL-sort would be fruitless—operative, though the latter may be, when the question is to part with a portion of the function of Parliament, no guarantee being offered that the new authorities, the town councils, will use it properly. The Ministry cannot do better than frame a minute of council for boroughs and towns, similar to that which they recently promulgated for the rural districts.

We have done now with suggestion as regards the future, with criticism as regards the present, and proceed to some brief remarks on the progress, as displayed in the new blue book, of public education during the last year. One of the most interesting of the reports in the two thick volumes before us is the special one by Mr. NORRIS, on the South Staffordshire Iron and Coal Masters' Prize Scheme for the year 1852—a scheme which, some time ago, we introduced to the notice of our readers. In order to check the tendency of the parents in that district to take away their children from school at an early period, a sum of money was easily collected and offered in small prizes to the most successful of the competitors in a not very difficult examination, who (among other conditions) should have been at least two years at school. Out of 102 competitors, 86 were finally selected as worthy of recognition of one kind or other. The appearance of a plate, containing 130 sovereigns, "seemed to create no little sensation among the boys"—a sensation which was agreeably intensified when "ten received 4l. each, and thirty 3l. each." According to Mr. NORRIS, "Every one present appeared to think that the first year's trial had been a most auspicious one. The manner of the boys throughout, and especially their con-

duct under examination, their prompt obedience to my regulations, the serious way in which each addressed himself to his task, the perfect order and silence among a hundred boys during three hours of examination, and, above all, the integrity with which they severally did their work, seemed to give fair promise that the iron and coal masters' prize-men will be distinguished in after-life for habits of self-control and thoughtfulness." Amen!

The difficulty, solved in one way by the Staffordshire prize-scheme, of getting parents to allow their children to remain long enough at school, haunts and harasses all the Inspectors. Public opinion, evidently, is not ripe for a compulsory system of education. Most of the Inspectors insist on, as one remedy, what indeed they all recommend as valuable in every way,—industrial instruction. When the parent sees that his child's money-getting power is enhanced by remaining at school, it is his interest to leave him there.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. GRAVE was mere Master GRAVE when he was taken accidentally many years ago to one of HAYDON's lectures; but he remembers well how he came away thinking the painter-dissertator one of the most delightful and diverting of possible enthusiasts. There was fun, seriousness, information, even pathos in the lecture; and the whole was tumbled out with a slapdash volubility, very fascinating to the youthful mind. Turning over the leaves of the newly-published *Autobiography of Haydon*, Mr. GRAVE recognised through all the painful element the fine qualities that fascinated him long ago; and, although Art lies out of his province, he read the book through, not without being continually reminded of the relation borne by much of it to the interests of Literature. Haydon's praises of "High Art," his constant demands for the patronage by Government of Art and Artists, undoubtedly resulting in the establishment of Schools of Design, and in the national appointment of artists to decorate the New Houses of Parliament,—have not all these things their parallels in the Literary World? Is there not a "High Literature" as well as a "High Art?" Might not Mechanics' Institutes and Free Libraries be made to fulfil the function of Literary "Schools of Design?" Should not the State "commission" a Literary Representation of its history as well as a pictorial or plastic one? These are thoughts that readily occur on perusing the narrative of HAYDON's not altogether unsuccessful efforts to procure a national recognition of his Art. True, Art is of no politics and no religion, and therefore to patronise it is easy compared with the patronage of literature—Conservative and Destructive, Sceptic and Devotee, all agreeing to admire a landscape of Claude's or a cartoon of Raphael's. Yet, on the other hand, it deserves to be remembered that neglected artists are not dangerous to the state as are neglected *Litterateurs*. Artists do not produce or check Revolutions as Authors do. "Revolutions—impossible! never were we more prosperous than now!" Still there is a saying in Scripture that should be kept in mind, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," as certainly as a prediction of COBDEN's is followed by its opposite. Mr. GRAVE, from his third floor, can see things invisible to Downing-street and Whitehall-gardens—dangerous alliances springing up between speakers and workers! What would happen if these discontented working people, striking on every hand, were to be officiated by a discontented literary class that cannot strike? Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen had better have a care!

This is a poor way of putting it—an appeal to the fears of Governors, and not to any noble wish on their part to encourage the beautiful and true. *De non existentibus*, &c. is an old axiom, and very applicable to that "noble wish." And yet, perhaps, who knows whether a better day is not dawning, and a finer sentiment than that of fear possibly coming into operation? In the "additions" which CARLYLE has made in a new cheap edition of his *Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question*, occurs the following passage:—"The DUKE of TRUMPS, who sometimes does me the honour of a little conversation, owned that the state of his domestic service was by no means satisfactory to the human mind. 'Five and forty of them,' said his Grace, 'really, I suppose, the cleverest in the market, for there is no limit to the wages. I often think how many quiet families, all down to the basis of society, I have disturbed, in attracting gradually, by higher and higher offers, that set of fellows to me; and what the use of them is when here! I feed them like aldermen, pay them as if they were sages and heroes:—SAMUEL JOHNSON's wages at the very last and best, as I have heard you say, were 300l. or 500l. a-year; and JELLYSNOB, my butler, gets, I believe, more than the highest of these sums.' If even into his Grace's mind such considerations are penetrating, who knows what may occur to the noble Lord, the author of the *Nim of Arrauca*,—who, moreover, has his place to keep? Really, his Grace

of TRUMPS seems to be, for a Duke, rather a sensible person, and might, perhaps, be induced to—lecture!

Our lecturing Earls, as was formerly mentioned, have been dispatched on missions westward and eastward—my Lord ELLESMORE delighting the Yankees with his sense and affability; my Lord CARLISLE trying what the “soft sawder” of “all the HOWARDS” can do to mollify the angry Russian bear, threatened with the deprivation of its Turco-Greco cubs. So even in the “highest quarters” lecturing leads to State-employment! There is my Lord ELLENBOROUGH, evidently very anxious for employment—suppose he, too, try a lecture on Somaunath and Juggernaut. To be sure, his Lordship is opposed to literary examinations as a test of political or official capability; but what is his Lordship’s own oratory, after all, but a voluntary examination undergone by his Lordship before the British public? By the way, a considerable discussion on this and cognate points has been going on in the public prints. Among the rest, Mr. Examiner, strangely enough for a gentleman of his literary reputation, has gone into opposition and coalesced with my Lord ELLENBOROUGH, therein affording a very unfavourable contrast to the sensible course adopted by Mr. Spectator! But really, so far as the Indian Bill of the Ministry goes, there is not the slightest occasion for the slightest controversy. Before the India Bill, the principle of examination was in full practice at both the East Indian Colleges, where the best or earliest appointments have always been given to the aptest pupils. The real question raised by the India Bill is, “How are you to get into Addiscombe or Haileybury—by successful competition in an examination, or by being the son of JELLYSNOB, his Grace of TRUMPS’ Butler, or perhaps nephew to SMART, her Grace of JELLYSNOB’s Lady’s-maid?” Surely all men of sense will unite with Mr. GRAVE in giving a spoken or silent vote for the former plan? Or, if we do come to the general question, it will be found that the objections of Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Mr. Examiner connect themselves with the too contracted sphere of study within which ordinary examinations are conducted, not to the principle itself. “The duck that SAMUEL JOHNSON trod on,” young WALTER SCOTT reading Shakspeare under his plane-tree, NEWTON tending sheep with Euclid under his arm, are literary and scientific anecdotes; but who forgets the boy NAPOLEON with his snow-fortifications, and ardour for geometry? Much has been said about CLIVE; but there never was a boyhood that more distinctly than CLIVE’s prefigured the man’s career; and if, instead of cramming him with Latin and Greek (that served to madden him), he had been set to the military studies and occupations of a Woolwich cadet, no doubt he would have distinguished himself.

An Honourable Gentleman, Member for Guildford, one BELL, a Quaker, (brother to the too famous BELL, who, not content with buying the St. Albans constituency in the lump, “took off his hat” to each individual bribed voter as he came up to the poll,) looking about for a Parliamentary “line,” seems disposed to take up with the British Museum Question, as a theme for “motions” or “notices of motions.” At least there have been lately motions (or notices of motions) by him for returns of books uncatalogued, and so on, of lists of employés, and miscellaneous information about them and their affairs. There are worse “lines” just now than that opened up by the British Museum Question, though whether BELL’s previous pursuits qualify him to shine in it may be liable to doubt. BELL is, or was, the ardent Secretary of the Aborigines’ Protection Society, and in that capacity (and indeed by nature) shed daily and nightly tears, all the year round, over the lots of gifted Blacks, elegant Hottentots, benevolent Caffres, and those delightful aborigines, the Fecjees, so noted for the sweetness of their dispositions, and a love of human flesh. Perhaps, however, BELL’s change of occupation is more seeming than real, and in his new “line” he still intends to advocate “the cause of the oppressed.” Well! the employees of the British Museum have their grievances, and are certainly more entitled to consideration (being moreover much nearer home) than are any quantity of Blacks, Hottentots, Caffres, or Fecjees. If BELL has anything feasible to propose, he shall have “an independent support” from Mr. GRAVE!

The poor Advertisement Duty still floats unsettled, hanging, like Mahomet’s coffin, between the Heaven of total repeal and the Earth of a fiscal 6d. First, Mr. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER one night passed a clause in his New Stamp Act reducing it to 6d, by a large majority, most of whom, however, went off unsuspecting to the State-ball of the Most Illustrious Lady in the land. Then, by a piece of what the Times very justly called “questionable jockeyship,” as soon as the majority’s backs were turned, the Manchester men procured in a thin house the substitution in the clause of a cipher instead of 6d. What is to be done now? An Act of Parliament cannot, it seems, be amended or re-amended, save by another Act, and the upshot is, that, instead of a reduction, we are still saddled with the old eighteen-penny duty! Mr. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER took occasion, in the midst of the discussion, to announce a new modification of the supplement duty. Without going quite the length recommended in this Journal, he approximates thereto so far as to extend

the newspaper space, which one penny stamp can take postage free, to a space not exceeding that of the *Times* and its single supplement—an obvious and acceptable boon, fiscally and typographically. Practically, now the present distinction between a newspaper and its single supplement is abolished, it may consist of six leaves, for one penny stamp, and any of these leaves may be filled, at choice, with news or advertisements. The Right Honourable Gentleman confessed that his first proposal was the result of “inadvertence,” to be attributed to a pressure of other business, &c. Who, under such circumstances, and with such an explanation, would bear hard upon a Right Honourable Gentleman? Surely not the present writer. But the most extraordinary episode in the discussion was an extraordinary and uncalled-for harangue by BRIGHT in favour of the total and immediate repeal of the so-called taxes on knowledge; and, in the course of it, he produced at the proper moment (like BURKE and the dagger)—a copy of the *New York Tribune*! According to BRIGHT, this was an admirable paper admirably conducted, equal to any English journal, and only one penny per copy. According to BRIGHT, the working-people were generally striking for wages in his district, and required to be taught true political economy:—therefore, he concluded, let the working-people of Lancashire be supplied with a paper like the *New York Tribune*, at one penny per copy. Mr. GRAVE could scarcely believe his own eyes when he read all this stuff in his *Times*. Why, the *New York Tribune* is a Fourierist organ (as well as a spirit-rapping one); and if the operatives got such a teacher of political economy (at a penny per lesson), the whole mill-property of Lancashire would not be worth five years’ purchase. Some obstinate pigs cut their own throats by persisting in swimming against the stream; not otherwise is it with certain Honourable Gentlemen who must always oppose a majority.

What a difference between the American and the English press; as great as that between bad gin (which can be had “very cheap”) and the best of generous old port! Is the low gossip of hotel-loungers, which the Americans call “correspondence,” to be compared with the elaborate and informing missives of the foreign correspondents of the London newspapers? Look at and compare the leading articles, the literature, the miscellaneous criticism, the Parliamentary reporting, of both! Does BRIGHT fancy that the economical Yankees would report his bitter balderdash at the same length as that in which it appears in the English newspapers, which he vilifies and seeks to destroy or to degrade? Apropos of this, Mr. Fox, in one of his recent Publicola-letters in the *Dispatch*, has reproduced a hint of Mr. GRAVE’s (which Mr. GRAVE himself took from the practice in France), with respect to reports of Parliamentary debates. It is that Parliament might have a corps of authorised reporters of its own, who should furnish slips of the debates to all the newspapers. This would save each of the London morning newspapers the expense of a separate staff of gentlemen to report what already costs such a large sum, occasions each great trouble, is very little read, and of next to no commercial value to the press in general.

A clever Parisian contemporary, the *Athenaeum Francais*, has taken in hand Lord JOHN RUSSELL’s *Memoirs of Moore*, and, after complimenting the noble Lord on the alacrity with which he undertook to fulfil his poet-friend’s testamentary wishes, proceeds to say:—“It is true, if we are to speak plainly, that he has discharged his duty in a very economical spirit, to judge, at least, by the two volumes which have hitherto appeared. These two volumes contain but five or six very laconic notes; and his lordship’s labours as a commentator are comprised in a preface, barren enough, though containing here and there a passage written in rather too florid a style. But perhaps the politician, having to speak of a poet himself rather too florid, was tempted to emulate him; or perhaps Lord JOHN remembered that at a leisure moment he had himself written a tragedy. However, this may be, there is a call for some reason, good or bad, to explain how a man of Lord JOHN RUSSELL’s gravity could pen phrases like the following,” &c. &c. And then the review cites some laughable enough expressions. Poor Lord JOHN! to have his broken metaphors laughed at by a Frenchman! However, his Lordship, it seems, owes to the law a safeguard against the rivalry threatened him, in regard to the Moore and Power correspondence lately sold by public auction; the Messrs. LONGMAN having made an announcement, on the part of MOORE’s widow, that the letters in question cannot be published without her leave.

A fortnight ago Mr. GRAVE drew attention to the quantity of poetry, old and new, original and selected, that is issuing from the press—no less than three reprints of the British Poets being in course of publication. But how great shall our surprise be when we find a volume of pleasing poems bearing on their title-page the name of “MARY C. HUME,” a daughter of the “veteran reformer’s!” Out of strength, says Scripture, cometh sweetnes—out of finance cometh poetry! The lady herself, in a dedicatory sonnet to her venerable parent, almost makes a musical apology to her offspring, of such a sire should trifle with the muse. And yet she is not alone in that enormity; for, a year or two ago, Mr. JOSEPH HUME, junior, brought

out a similar volume! Not content with editing one set of British Poets, and with introducing to the Anglo-Saxon public one new poet, GEORGE GILFILIAN has more in store for us, and next CRITIC shall introduce “another new poet,” whose orbit, dimensions, and magnitude in the poetic heaven, let it be left for the discoverer himself to describe.

THACKERAY is to begin a new serial in the autumn; not about the eighteenth, but about the nineteenth century, if you please, O Mr. THACKERAY! Is there any truth in the rumour that Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. (like Inspector BUCKETT, Mr. GRAVE likes to give the illustrious all their titles) has turned a believer in spirit-rapping, and is composing a novel of which it is to be the theme? If the rumour be a calumny, write, O Sir EDWARD, a refutative note to the *Times*, or to the *Morning Herald*! A certain publisher has been announcing a collective edition of *Macaulay’s Speeches* (suggested, no doubt, by an American buccaneering feat of the same kind) “by special licence,” a phrase one thought applicable only to matrimonial ceremonies in high life. But the ever-vigilant Messrs. LONGMAN rush forward and announce that they, and none else, have the “special licence,” and are about to act on it. The collection, it is to be presumed, will include other than parliamentary speeches—namely, post-prandial, electioneering, presidential, &c. &c.: MACAULAY, no doubt, having the original MSS. in his desk. And even CARLYLE’s *Essays* succumb to the all-cheapening influence of the age, and are to appear in the usual detached economical form in Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL’s *Reading for Travellers*—the essay already thus published being that on great old SAM JOHNSON.

Among new appearances in journalism deserves to be noted that of *The Eastern Star*, a journal devoted to the elucidation of the great Eastern question—from the old intermittent *Portfolio* to this new weekly journal there is a considerable step. The *Constitutional*, a monthly organ of the “National Poor Law Association,” has removed to London to fight “centralisation” at head quarters. A recently-started Edinburgh paper, *The Guardian*, has hitherto escaped observation; it is a journal of singular elegance and completeness in the getting up, and distinguished editorially by a vigorous originality and nationality of tone too rare in the press of Scotland.

“A London contemporary, the CRITIC,” says the journal last-mentioned, “contains the following paragraph in its publication of last week:—‘Mr. FORTESCUE has brought in, and got read a first time, a bill for the extension of the Museums and Libraries’ Act to Ireland. Why does not some honourable gentleman from beyond Tweed follow his example and propose its extension to Scotland?’ If this is meant as a question, we shall answer it by saying that, while some of the honourable gentlemen referred to have not the knowledge or ability necessary to enable them to bring in bills of any kind, the rest have no inclination to trouble themselves about any measure for the benefit of Scotland in particular. If it is intended to be a taunt, we acknowledge that it is quite merited, and if our contemporary were so inclined, he might throw fifty such in our face. But what of that! It is the reigning doctrine that we must submit to the injustice,—even those who acknowledge its existence insist that we should make no effort to get rid of it. The spirit of Mawmorn seems to have taken possession of some of those who aspire to be the leaders of opinion among us. ‘I like to be despised,’ is the tone that is nowadays inculcated on the people of Scotland.”

Our Edinburgh friends must imitate the Londoners, among whom the Free Library Movement has spread to Finsbury—the LORD MAYOR presiding there the other evening at a public meeting to get up such a library—Archbishops and Bishops sending letters of approval, and the Chairman promising that if the library were instituted he would take care that lectures on practical matters of interest to the working people were delivered in connection with it. And before these lines meet the reader’s eye, a great (or large) gathering of literary men, and artists, will have been held at the Mansion House, by way of finale or graceful sequel to the other similar gatherings that have illustrated it during the present Mayoralty. Among the crowd of great and small who have been invited, Mr. GRAVE with his “claims” has not been forgotten; and here before him lies the invitation (which courteously includes Mrs. GRAVE) to what is headed “Conversazione, Literature and Art” on “Thursday, the 14th of July.” Alas! owing to “sukkumstances” (as JEAMES hath it) neither Mr. nor Mrs. GRAVE can be with “the LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS” on that occasion.

Four hundred years ago the Ottomans took Constantinople, as the Russian bear is growling to himself. Three hundred years ago “Bloody Mary” was beginning to play her pranks. Two hundred years ago, Cromwell put his foot on the neck of a parliament of babblers. Coming down from these great historical phenomena to a small private biographical one, let Mr. GRAVE record that two years ago, on the 15th of July 1851, he first made his bow before a discerning public. Forward, Sir, forward to the footlights, and with hat in one hand, and the other upon your heart, look a speechless gratitude and reverence! And as to you the audience—*plaudite et valete!*

FRANK GRAVE.

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## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*Beginnings of a New School of Metaphysics.* By B. H. SMART. London: Longman and Co. A Letter to Dr. Whately, on the effect which his work, "Elements of Logic," has had in retarding the progress of Locke's Philosophy. Longman and Co.

*Memoir of a Metaphysician.* By FRANCIS DRAKE, Esq. Edited by the Author of "Beginnings," &c. Longman and Co.

MR. SMART is well known in private circles as a teacher, but less known as a writer, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, has been trying to persuade the world that Locke's philosophy is sounder than Aristotle's, although in mode of treatment standing in need of many corrections, some of which are fundamental. In his *Letter to Dr. Whately*, he states the causes which have hitherto obstructed his success, assigning to the popularity of Dr. Whately's *Logic* a main part in those causes. But he complains to us of other, and unfair means of obstruction. The reflux in favour of Aristotle which Dr. Whately created, has been taken advantage of by more decided Aristotelians than Dr. Whately himself; and if these persons have republished Aristotle's doctrines without any heed to Mr. Smart's remonstrance, it may be to their interest still to keep him from coming into view. He has no extraneous means (so he tells us) to help himself on, no academical name to back his pretensions, and force attention to a subject by its very nature unpopular. In order to win, if possible, some attention to it, he has, in a recent attempt, availed himself of the medium of a novel, and of a fictitious name for the author; and so told his story, that the majority of those who noticed it through the press, took it, for at least a partial reality. We were in the number of these, as may be seen in the brief favourable notice of the work which was given in our number of April 15, p. 204. In that notice no duty to the public, and certainly no private motive, imposed on us the necessity of bringing forward the real author by name, though Mr. Smart had left the means of discovery palpable enough to any one who had a purpose in making it. But, in the pages of a contemporary, Mr. Smart was at once dragged forth by name from under the disguise of Mr. Drake, and visited with as curt, contemptuous, severe a judgment as a novelist can in any case merit. With that judgment, so far as it reaches him as a novelist, we, of course, cannot interfere. But if it be true that in the same journal Mr. Smart has been, for a series of years, followed up, and spoken of, as a writer proposing objects quite opposite to those he has really in view, we think he has a claim on other journals for assistance. By briefly stating what his doctrines are, we shall make quite manifest the injustice of representing him as a writer "seeking to revive the study of metaphysics, a study which the experience of ages has proved to be barren;"—as a writer who, if he refuses the doctrine of the formal syllogism for the basis of his own *Manual of Logic*, gives no better reasons for the refusal than may be met by contumuously affirming "Smart shines with unborrowed lustre, and Aristotle is put in the dark corner;"—as a writer belonging "to a knot of curious speculators in that mysticism, which, in our day, calls itself metaphysical science." That there is intentional misrepresentation in all this, will require no proof beyond the statement we propose to give.

According to Mr. Smart, the only useful object which metaphysics can propose is, to ascertain what man *does* know, what he *can* know, and what he *cannot* know. This was Locke's object, and this is his.

But our knowledge intertwines itself with our use of language, is necessarily moulded and directed or misdirected by it. Hence, the true relation which language bears to thought should be the first inquiry of the metaphysician; for a fundamental mistake concerning this relation may be fatal to the system built upon it. Such a fundamental mistake, according to Mr. Smart, lies under Aristotle's doctrine of the Categories, and of the three terms of the formal syllogism; such a fundamental mistake furnishes the only possibility for constructing the several systems of

Platonism, Materialism, Berkelyism, Kantism, and all the other jarring *isms* of speculative philosophy; such a fundamental mistake betrayed Locke "to begin and to carry on for a good while after," his celebrated *Discourse on the Understanding*, "without the least thought that any consideration of words was at all necessary to it;" and a perception of this fundamental mistake in Locke's procedure led Horne Tooke to assert, a century later, that the *Discourse on the Understanding* was altogether an essay on words, while the author thought it was on ideas.

And what is this fundamental mistake? According to Mr. Smart, it is the taking for granted that terms, which are only parts of speech, stand, before being joined into speech, for ideas previously received, independently of the aid of language, when, in point of fact, the meaning which we embrace with any word, so long as it is abstract or only a part of speech, is a meaning we could not have arrived at without the instrumentality of the sign; that is to say, we owe the idea (if we must call such meaning an idea) to the word, and not the word to a previously existing idea. On the other hand, if the parts of speech, while abstract, denote nothing which the understanding receives from the things it is first concerned with, these same parts of speech lose their abstraction in proportion as they unite to form speech; that is to say, the expression which they form is one expression with one meaning; a meaning not made up of parts, as the expression is, but a meaning incomplex and indivisible. As to the parts into which the expression is resolvable, whether we call them nominative and verb, or subject, copula, and predicate, or premises formal (not real) and conclusion, they are merely constructional parts—not logical parts, but merely grammatical. This was seen and rather hesitatingly affirmed by Dugald Stuart, who, in his *Philosophical Essays*, says that "the intellectual act in understanding a proposition is altogether simple, and incapable of analysis; and the elements into which we flatter ourselves we have resolved it, are nothing more than the grammatical elements of speech; the logical doctrine about the comparison of ideas bearing a much closer analogy to the task of a schoolboy in parsing his lesson, than to the researches of philosophers able to solve the mystery to be explained." Not merely, in Mr. Smart's view, does such analysis bear a close analogy to the parsing lesson, but is, in its nature and character, perfectly identical.

Such is the truth—for of the two views stated above, the one is only the converse of the other—such is the truth, if truth it is, which Mr. Smart has been labouring for so many years to place before the world. If his essays retain their first loose form, and if his last attempt should be deemed an unsuitable medium for its real object, let it be considered that he has had to find his own way, not only without encouragement, but under the shade of designed misrepresentation. Judging from the tone of his writing, we should say that he would be but too happy to meet with a fair opponent. He affirms that his proposition has never been controverted, and is fearless that it ever will. For it will not do, in these days when Realism has been so long exploded, to exclaim: "What, will you tell me that I have not, independently of language, an idea that answers to a part of speech—for instance, answering to the noun common, *man*?" In answer it may be safely said that if the term *idea* is taken in its present usual sense, namely, for the conception of what was first a perception, such an idea is impossible; for this would be to conceive a man who is neither babe, boy, man, nor woman; neither black, brown, nor fair; neither standing up nor lying down; neither awake nor asleep; neither walking, running, riding, nor otherwise active; neither well nor ill in health, nor otherwise passive. But, understanding the term *idea* with Plato, or with Aristotle, or even with Locke, who, by the way, uses it in all possible senses, we may still safely assert that we could never have had the idea answering to the word without the instrumentality of the word, or of some equivalent sign. For it is true that the sign needs not be a word; but it must be a sign equivalent to a word in its manner of operation. We may, for instance, set up the conception of an individual man as our sign, and, by its help,

collect the knowledge which establishes his class. But the individual man so set up is tantamount to a word which was at first a proper name, and becomes a name common by its extension to other individuals, dropping, as we go on, the peculiar characteristics of each, and retaining only what is common to all. This power of setting up a sign to collect knowledge is the privilege of rationality, and is the cause that man, and man alone, invents and uses rational language.

We have referred to Mr. Smart's theoretical publications, and endeavoured to excuse their imperfection. But he is also the author of practical works on grammar, logic, and rhetoric, to all of which he has brought the experience of a long-tryed teacher, and in all of them he has carried out his own principle, so as to produce—at least in grammar and logic—great and striking changes of view. We advocate nothing for him but a fair stage—favour he has yet to win. To be sure, the very assumption in him, a mere teacher of reading, to call in question doctrines on the profoundest subjects which the profoundest sages have promulgated, carries inevitably with it something of impudence. He must not therefore feel surprised at the neglect or the repulsion he has thus far had to encounter. Nor can we offer him much hope for the future, unless he could go back to younger days, and await the changes that time brings on.

## SCIENCE.

MR. ROBERT FORFAR, of Edinburgh, has developed in a pamphlet a *New Philosophy of Physics*. The substance of it may be thus stated. There is in nature, first, a *frigorigenic* principle, being the negative element of electricity, secondly, a *calorific* principle, being the positive element of electricity, constituting the suns of the universe, and occupying points in space. Thirdly, the antagonism of these two elements is the cause of all the phenomena of nature. His elaborate and ingenious array of arguments in support of this position must be sought in the pamphlet, which teaches some interesting facts, and suggests some useful thoughts. But it does not convince.—The *Lunar World, considered with a View to Design*, is a brochure by the Rev. JOSIAH CRAMPTON, containing by far the most minute description of the moon we have yet seen. A multitude of wood-cuts exhibit quite a map of the surface of that "lamp of the lover," wherein its volcanoes and their craters are represented as perfectly as ever were the Alps and Appennines of this our earth. The author supposes himself to have paid a visit to the moon, and be describing his adventures there; but he adheres strictly to the reasonable conjectures as to its aspect, suggested by the revelations of the telescope.—*Hints for Sketching in Water-colours from Nature*, by THOMAS HATTON, will be useful to all who study that beautiful art, because they are thoroughly practical.—A Second Edition has just issued of Macmillan's *Manual of Botany*, whose excellence has been proved by its success. They who have used it have liked it, and recommended it to others, and now a reprint of it has been required; and no wonder, for it conveys the science of the vegetable world in the most simple and intelligible form, and makes it more attractive by a multitude of engravings.

## HISTORY.

*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public.* By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," &c.

THE long-promised vindication of Sir Hudson Lowe will somewhat disappoint public expectation. The governor of St. Helena and gaoler of Napoleon has been gathered to his fathers, without leaving behind him any very important materials for the compilation of a substantial defence. His letters and journals mentioned in the title-page of the present work, together with the "official documents not before made public," tend to confirm the impressions which have hitherto so generally prevailed respecting his conduct and character. There is nothing in them which can alter or affect the deliberate judgment which has been pronounced by competent writers, whose political bias is sufficient to shield them from the charge of wilful misrepresentation—by Sir Walter Scott, to whom

"the archives of the Colonial Office were thrown open," whilst compiling his *Life of Napoleon*, and by Sir Archibald Alison, who, when writing his *History of Europe*, had scarcely inferior materials at his command. The emphatic condemnation of Sir Hudson Lowe's demeanour towards Napoleon, pronounced by Scott and Alison, and the milder censures of Lamartine, were certainly not promulgated upon light or insufficient grounds; and the contents of these volumes will not, we apprehend, in the slightest degree weaken their effect.

The champion of Sir Hudson Lowe, in the present instance, assumes the character of a particularly impartial writer. As a lawyer of some repute, and "accustomed to the sifting of evidence," Mr. Forsyth tells us in his preface that he believed himself peculiarly qualified for deciding on a question of character. But he was resolved to enter on his task not as an advocate, but as a judge. "When I commenced the present volumes," he says, "I made as it were a covenant with myself, that I would, in the language of our courts, 'well and truly try the question at issue between the parties, and a true verdict give, according to the evidence.' I was not asked to make out a case for Sir Hudson Lowe, nor, had I been asked to do so, would I have consented." The mode, however, in which he has discharged his onerous duties, proves how difficult it is for the advocate to divest himself of his forensic character. As we read his book, we cannot help feeling that this ostentatious declaration of impartiality is nothing but a trick of advocacy—a clever mode of introducing a client's case to the jury who have been impanelled to decide on it. Throughout the whole of the three volumes the language, tone, and style, reveal the advocate, and prove beyond doubt that, when Mr. Forsyth accepted from Mr. Murray the task of editing Sir Hudson Lowe's papers, he regarded it in the light of a retainer, and manfully determined to do the best he could for his client.

On the part of Sir Hudson Lowe it is fair to state that, as Governor of St. Helena during the captivity of Napoleon, he had most responsible and important duties cast upon him, which required the exercise of great firmness and discretion. It must also be conceded that it would have been next to impossible for a man in his position to have remained for any length of time in the good graces of so capricious a being as Napoleon Bonaparte. Nor can it be denied that Longwood was at all times, during Napoleon's captivity, the focus of intrigue, and that the persons about the ex-Emperor required to be watched with even greater vigilance than the ex-Emperor himself. We will go farther, and admit that Sir Hudson Lowe cannot be charged with any direct violation of duty, or flagrant transgression of the accepted rules of decorum. But when all this has been said—and it is all very forcibly pointed out by Mr. Forsyth—the old accusations still for the most part remain untouched. Sir Hudson Lowe might have been perfectly conscientious; but he was obstinate, stiff, pragmatical, disagreeable. He was a thorough martinet, harsh and exacting in little matters, and unnecessarily particular about the observance of inessential forms. The harsh instructions which were sent out to him were often executed by him in a still harsher spirit, without an atom of delicacy, kindness, or consideration. He persevered in a system of "unnecessary, frivolous, and annoying restrictions," which could only be attended with one effect—that of irritating and tormenting his sensitive captive. Something of the character of the man is revealed, as it appears to us, in the portrait prefixed to the first volume of Mr. Forsyth's work. The rigid features and firmly compressed lips indicate a resolute and inflexible determination to persevere in what he chose to consider his strict line of duty, and to carry out his "instructions" in their narrowest and most literal sense. If he was not destitute of generous emotions and compassionate feelings, his heart was nevertheless steeled against them, so long as they appeared to interfere, even in the slightest degree, with the requirements of the most rigid discipline. There was nothing comfortable or conciliating about him; and it was not without reason that Napoleon complained of his petty interferences and causeless restrictions. However necessary it might have been to keep a jealous watch over the captive's proceedings, and those of his attendants, no warmth of advocacy can induce us to approve of the vexatious and irritating measures which Sir Hudson Lowe thought fit to adopt; and we cannot but feel with

Sir Archibald Alison that his appointment was a "most unhappy selection."

That a different and more indulgent treatment of the illustrious exile would have been attended with satisfactory results we cannot doubt. Though fretful and passionate, he was not unmanageable, even in his worst hours of sickness and mental depression, when treated with reasonable consideration. "C'est un vrai malade," said Count Las Cases, in one of his conversations with Sir Hudson Lowe, reported by Major Gorrequer. . . . "He must be looked upon as a sick man, and great allowances must be made for him; he expresses himself with warmth; he is naturally quick; he has the proudest spirit. We must remember how many years he has been a sovereign, and that he has not been much checked in the use of language; however, he weighs things well, and is very slow in forming a judgment." It is important also to note the demeanour of Napoleon, in the early days of his captivity, upon his first landing on the arid rock which was destined to be his prison and his grave. Here is Mr. Forsyth's description of his deportment during his residence at the Briars, "a country house, about a mile and a half from James Town, St. Helena, belonging to a Mr. Balcombe."

#### NAPOLEON AT THE BRIARS.

While Napoleon was at the Briars he exhibited himself in his most amiable mood. His mind was soothed by the beauty of the scenery, and in the retired privacy of its shady walks he could meditate on the past, and speculate, not perhaps altogether without hope, on the future. He liked the family of the Balcombes, who did everything in their power to minister to his comfort, and he soon made himself quite at home. He was an especial favourite with the young people, and one of the daughters has written a very interesting account of his stay amongst them. She tells us how good-humouredly he bore her girlish tricks—how she made him burn his fingers with hot sealing-wax, and irreverently pushed the Grand Chamberlain down a steep path against the Emperor—how he revenged himself upon her by running away with her ball dress—how he played at blind man's buff, and entered into the spirit of the game as heartily as a child. These are pleasing traits of Napoleon's disposition, and showed that he still retained a freshness of heart and elasticity of mind which the vicissitudes of his marvellous career and his mighty fall had not been able to destroy. He occupied while at the Briars a marquee and a single room detached from the house, which had been built for a ball-room. The marquee was pitched on a small lawn, and was connected with the house by a covered way. It was divided into two compartments, of which the inner one formed Napoleon's bedroom, and General Gouraud slept on a small tent bed at the extremity of the other. On the turf floor between the two divisions of his tent the devotion of his followers had cut out an imperial crown.

In this "delightful retreat," (as Mr. Forsyth calls it), Napoleon remained until the 10th December, 1815, when he took up his abode at Longwood. This place had been originally intended as a country residence for the governor of the island, and comprised an irregularly-built house of one story, which had been enlarged for the accommodation of Napoleon, with a surrounding space of ground, about twelve miles in circumference, within which the captive was at liberty to ride or walk, without the attendance of a British officer. Soon after his arrival, Napoleon expressed his dissatisfaction with Longwood, and a "catalogue of grievances, written in a dictatorial and insolent tone," by his attendant, Count Montholon, was presented to Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who then exercised the functions of governor. In a private letter to Mr. Finlaison, of the Treasury, Mr. O'Meara (respecting whose communication we shall presently have to speak at some length) thus reports Napoleon's opinion of Longwood and Sir George Cockburn:—

He frequently breaks out into invectives against the English Government for sending him to this island, which he pronounces (with some reason) to be the most detestable spot in the universe. "Behold the English Government," said he, gazing around at the frightful and stupendous rocks which encompassed him. "This is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, confiding in what he so blindly imagined to be their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them. But your ministers laugh at your laws. I thought once that the English were a free nation, but I see now that you are the greatest slaves in the world," said he to me one day; "you all of you tremble at the sight of that man. In my greatest power I could not do such things as I have seen done to your sailors and others since I have come to this Isle de Brouillard." Another time, talking to me about the island, he said, "In fact, I expect nothing less from your Government than that they will send out an ex-

cutioner to despatch me. They send me here to a horrible rock, where even the water is not good; they send out a sailor with me, who does not know how to treat a man like me, and who puts me a camp under my nose, so that I cannot put my head out without seeing my gaolers. Here we are treated like felons; a proclamation issued for nobody to come near or touch us, as if we were so many lepers, or had the itch!" When I brought back the admiral's verbal answer to him (to the conversation that was related above), viz. that it would be better for him to complain to him, the Admiral, if he had any grievances, without the intervention of a third person, he said, "No, no. I recollect, when I was First Consul, that I had a conversation with your Ambassador—Lord Titworth (Whitworth), I think," says he, "was his name—in which I conducted myself with great calmness and propriety, without more heat or intemperance in my language than I am at present making use of to you; but in a short time afterwards I saw in the English paper a paragraph as long as that," said he, getting up and stretching out his arm very significantly, "filled with lies." However, the Admiral a few days afterwards had an audience with him, and satisfied him several of the things he had imputed to him had been misrepresented, and they parted better friends than I expected.

In the month of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena, to replace Sir George Cockburn as governor of the island. Soon after his arrival he had his first interview with Napoleon, and he thus relates what transpired on the occasion.

#### SIR H. LOWE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

Had my first interview with him at four o'clock in the afternoon; was accompanied to his house by Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn. General Bertrand received us in his dining-room, serving as an ante-chamber, and instantly afterwards ushered me into an inner room, where I found him standing, having his hat in his hand. Not addressing me when I came in, but apparently waiting for me to speak to him, I broke silence by saying, "I am come, sir, to present my respects to you." "You speak French, Sir, I perceive; but you also speak Italian. You once commanded a regiment of Corsicans." I replied, the language was alike to me. "We will speak, then, in Italian," he said; and immediately commenced in that language a conversation which lasted about half an hour, the purport of which was principally as follows: He first asked me where I had served—how I liked the Corsicans—"They carry the stiletto: are they not a bad people?" looking at me very significantly for an answer. My reply was, "They do not carry the stiletto, having abandoned that custom in our service; they have always conducted themselves with propriety. I was very well satisfied with them." He asked me if I had not been in Egypt with them; and, on my replying in the affirmative, entered into a long discussion respecting that country. "Menou was a weak man. If Kleber had been there, you would have been all made prisoners." He then passed in review all our operations in that country, with which he seemed as well acquainted as if he had himself been there; blamed Abercromby for not landing sooner, or, if he could not land sooner, not proceeding to another point; Moore, with his 6000 men, should have been all destroyed; they had shown themselves good generals, however, and merited success from their boldness and valour. He asked me if I knew Hutchinson—whether it was the same that had been arrested at Paris. To which a reply was, of course, given in the negative. His question on this point betrayed great interest. The subject of Egypt was again resumed. It was the most important geographical point in the world, and had always been considered so. He had reconnoitred the line of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez; he had calculated the expense of it at ten or twelve millions of livres—"Half a million sterling," he said, to make me understand more clearly the probable cost of it: that, a powerful colony being established there, it would have been impossible for us to have preserved our empire in India. He then fell again to rallying at Menou; and concluded with the following remark, which he pronounced in a very serious manner:—"In war, the game is always with him who commits the fewest faults." It struck me as if he was reproaching himself with some great error. He then asked me some further questions regarding myself—whether I was not married—if I had not become so shortly before my leaving England?—how I liked St. Helena? I replied, I had not been a sufficient time here to form a judgment upon it. "Ah! you have your wife; you are well off!" After a short pause he asked how many years I had been in the service? "Twenty-eight," I replied. "I am, therefore, an older soldier than you," he said. "Of which history will make mention in a very different manner," I answered. He smiled, but said nothing. I proceeded immediately afterwards to take my leave, asking permission to present to him two officers of my suite, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Reade and Major Gorrequer, who had accompanied me, to which he assented. He spoke little to them, but, as we were going away, turned to me and said, "You are settling your affairs with the Catholics, I see; it is well done. The Pope has made

concessions, and smoothed the way to you." Thus the interview terminated.

Although nothing was said by Sir Hudson upon this occasion which could irritate or annoy Napoleon, there is no doubt that the manner and countenance of the new governor made an unfavourable impression upon him. Mr. Forsyth himself admits that Sir Hudson Lowe was not a man with whom one would have been pleased at first sight. His manner, voice, and countenance were alike objectionable.

In one respect, no doubt, the choice was an unfortunate one. Almost from the first moment of seeing Sir Hudson Lowe Napoleon conceived a dislike towards him, and this soon ripened into utter aversion. It is not too much to say, that for a long time, if not to the end of his life, he hated him with a perfect hatred. The feeling seems to have been almost an instinctive antipathy, for it displayed itself before the newly-arrived Governor had introduced any change in the regulations, or done anything which could give offence. If we may believe Bonaparte's passionate language, the countenance of Sir Hudson Lowe was repulsive to him; and his manner was not prepossessing, even in the judgment of favourable friends.

On the 11th of May following, Sir Hudson thought fit to send Napoleon an invitation to dine with him at Plantation-house, to meet the Countess of Loudon and Moira, the wife of the Governor-General of India. The invitation was conveyed in a note to Count Bertrand, stating that if "the arrangements of General Bonaparte would admit it, Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe would feel gratified in the honour of his company to meet the countess at dinner," &c. In this proceeding the governor showed great want of tact. To be asked to dinner and called General Bonaparte was construed by the sensitive exile as something like a deliberate insult, and this Sir Hudson Lowe might have foreseen if he had possessed any real sense of delicacy. In matters of form he knew full well that the ex-Emperor was childishly punctilious. Nothing annoyed him so much as this title of General Bonaparte, which had been given him by the British Government, and to which Sir Hudson pertinaciously adhered in all his communications. So far was this obnoxious regulation carried, that when a book arrived in the island as a present to Napoleon from Mr. Hobhouse, with the inscription, "Imperatori Napoleon," Sir Hudson did not, we are told, "consider it consistent with his duty to forward books with such an inscription from British subjects." On the other hand, Napoleon clung with a wonderful tenacity to the shadowy title which he had borne in his days of glory, and exacted it "with an affection," as Lamartine observes, "which his flatterers consider heroic, but which history will judge as puerile." In their next interview, after this unfortunate invitation, the wounded pride of the ex-Emperor manifested itself in an outburst of passion which evidently astonished the governor.

"When I heard of your arrival in this island, I thought that, as an officer of the army, I should find you possessed of politer manners than the Admiral, who, as a naval officer, might have had a rougher bearing. I have no fault to find with his heart. But how do you treat me? It is an insult to invite me to dinner, and to call me General Bonaparte. I am the Emperor Napoleon. Are you come here to be my executioner—my gaoler?" Whilst speaking in this manner his right arm moved backwards and forwards, his person stood fixed, his eyes and countenance exhibiting everything which could be supposed in a person who meant to intimidate or irritate. I suffered him to proceed, though not without a strong feeling of restraint upon myself, until he was nearly out of breath, when, on his stopping, I said—"Sir, I have not come here to be insulted, but to treat of an affair which concerns you more than it does me. If you are not disposed to speak about it, I will retire." "I had no intention to insult you, Sir, but how have you treated me? Has it been in a way becoming a soldier?"—"Sir, I am a soldier to perform the duties I owe to my country in conformity with its customs, and not according to the mode of other countries. Besides, if you think you have any cause to complain, you have only to write, and I will transmit your representation to England by the first opportunity."

It is due to Napoleon to say that he afterwards confessed that he had behaved very ill to the governor at this interview. But Sir Hudson's manner irritated him, and he was provoked by his apparent insensibility, and cold disdainful demeanour.

During the whole period of his government, Sir Hudson Lowe had only five interviews with his captive. The last of these took place on the 18th of August, 1816, and it will be observed

that, on this occasion, Napoleon flew into a passion on the same subject which had excited his wrath on the previous interview in July, whilst Sir Hudson, instead of attempting to soothe and conciliate him, made use of all the arts of provocation of which he was so perfect a master.

#### SIR H. LOWE'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

He talked about our calling him General; said he was "Empereur;" that, when England and Europe should be no more, and no such name known as Lord Bathurst, he would still be Emperor. He told me he always went out of the way to avoid me, and had twice pretended to be in the bath that he might not see me. "You want money; I have none, except in the hands of my friends; but I cannot send my letters." He attacked me about the note which had been sent back to Count Bertrand, saying, "You had no right to put him under arrest; you never commanded armies; you were nothing but the scibe of an Etat-Major. I had imagined I should be well among the English, but you are not an Englishman." He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, "You make me smile, Sir." "How smile, Sir?" he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and, looking at me, added, "I say what I think." "Yes, Sir," I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt, and looking at him, "you force me to smile; your misconception of my character and the rudeness of your manners excite my pity. I wish you good day;" and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation. The Admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat.

From this period Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe regarded each other with feelings of undisguised hostility. An attempt at an accommodation was subsequently made by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the admiral of the station, but it proved abortive; and it is certainly a fact, which tells somewhat against Sir Hudson, that Sir Pulteney and Napoleon were always on the best of terms, and that that officer, during his stay at St. Helena, succeeded in preserving the ex-Emperor's esteem and confidence.

We must now turn to the part which was played in St. Helena politics by that notable personage Mr. Barry O'Meara, the author of *The Voice from St. Helena*, and Napoleon's confidential companion as well as medical attendant. To demolish the character and credit of this individual appears to be the principal object of Mr. Forsyth's work, and some curious revelations are made concerning him. Whilst enjoying the personal confidence of Napoleon, O'Meara kept up a *private* correspondence with friend named Finlaison in the Treasury. This correspondence was, however, destined to meet the eyes of more illustrious personages than Mr. Finlaison, who merely acted as a go-between in the discreditable business. "The moment your letters came," writes this Mr. Finlaison to O'Meara upon one occasion, "they were given to Mr. Croker, who considered them extremely interesting, and circulated copies among the *Cabinet Ministers*, and he desires me to assure you that they never have been, nor shall they ever hereafter be, seen by any other person. I conjecture also that your letters have even amused his Royal Highness the Prince Regent." O'Meara is then requested to "pick up all the anecdotes" he can respecting Napoleon, with the full assurance that his communications would be kept secret from all but royal and official eyes. Upon Sir Hudson Lowe's arrival in the island, he was made fully aware of O'Meara's proceedings; and it is fair to state that he condemned the surgeon's duplicity, and pointed out the dangers to which it might lead. It would have been well for him had he insisted immediately on O'Meara's leaving the island, or desisting from his odious occupation of secret correspondent to the Treasury. As it was, he adopted a course which placed him to a great extent in O'Meara's power. He consented to make use of him, and to receive information from time to time, which he knew had been only imparted under the seal of private and professional confidence.

The sequel is well known. O'Meara quarrelled with the governor, and treated him with personal disrespect. Sir Hudson thereupon prevailed upon the officers of the 66th to dismiss O'Meara from their mess. In due time an order came from Earl Bathurst commanding the surgeon to withdraw from Longwood, without holding any further communication whatever with its inmates. This order O'Meara deliberately disobeyed in the following manner:—

Notwithstanding the positive injunction contained in this letter, O'Meara, as he himself tells us, "determined to disobey it whatever might be the conse-

quences;" and immediately after, ordering his servant to pack up his things, he went to Napoleon, with whom he remained two hours before he came back to his room. On being informed of his return, Colonel Wynyard, accompanied by Captain Blakeney, went to him and thus addressed him:—"Mr. O'Meara, you have thought proper immediately on the receipt of the instruction I communicated to you to act in direct violation of it by going in to see General Bonaparte." He answered, "Yes, I don't acknowledge the authority." Colonel Wynyard then said, "Very well, Sir; on the receipt of that letter you cease to belong to the establishment at Longwood; you will therefore see your things put up as speedily as possible, and quit the premises for James Town." This order was at once put in force, and O'Meara left Longwood never to return; for, in consequence of his contumacious language and conduct, the Governor directed the Marshal of the island (whom O'Meara calls the "Gaoler") to inform him that he must quit St. Helena forthwith.

The removal of his medical attendant tended to exasperate Napoleon; and although O'Meara might have been, in Mr. Forsyth's words, "the evil genius of the place," his abrupt dismissal was neither just nor politic. The surgeon took a fearful revenge for the indignities which had been heaped on him. He arraigned Sir Hudson before the bar of public opinion, and gibbeted him in a book in which truth and falsehood are strangely mixed together. That the work abounds in calumnies, no one now can doubt. Enough has been said to show that O'Meara was a most unscrupulous person, and it must not be forgotten that in his attack on Sir Hudson he was actuated entirely by feelings of personal malice. The slanderous statements were, however, never publicly answered, and when Sir Hudson Lowe, on his return to England, attempted to file a criminal information, it was decided that it was *too late* to adopt that course.

We must now return for a few moments to Napoleon's life at St. Helena. The minute details which are given of the fallen Emperor's personal habits form, in our opinion, the most interesting portions of Mr. Forsyth's work, and will better please our readers than any further remarks on the O'Meara squabble. We, therefore, select the following description of Napoleon at a picnic in the autumn of 1820, as our concluding extract from Mr. Forsyth's work:—

#### NAPOLEON AT A PICNIC.

We must now describe Napoleon Bonaparte enjoying a picnic, and it has an additional interest from the fact that it was the first visit he ever paid in the island, and the last time he ever took a meal in the presence of strangers, or anywhere except amongst his own followers in the seclusion of Longwood. About five miles from that place stood the house and grounds of Sir William Doveton, called Mount Pleasant, which, at Napoleon's special request, had been recently included within his limits. Sir William was a native of St. Helena, who had been for many years Member of Council there, and, having visited England a year or two previously, he had received the honour of knighthood. On the morning of the 4th of October, as the old gentleman was taking his usual walk before breakfast, he observed several persons on horseback coming towards his house, and, on reconnoitring them with his spyglass, perceived they were the party from Longwood. Count Montholon dismounted from his horse, and Sir William went to the door to receive him; the Count informed him that the Emperor presented his compliments, and requested he might come and rest himself. Sir William replied that he should be glad to see him, and that any accommodation his house afforded was at General Bonaparte's service. Montholon then mounted his horse, and, having joined the party, they all entered the lawn. Unfortunately the venerable knight was quite ignorant of the French language, and could only communicate through the medium of Count Bertrand, whose knowledge of English was not as perfect as it might have been. However, Sir William made his compliments in the best manner he could, and, as Bonaparte appeared a good deal fatigued, he requested that he would walk in and rest himself, upon which the ex-Emperor advanced towards the door, and on coming up the steps was assisted by Bertrand's arm. He sat on the sofa, and entered into conversation with his host, through Bertrand as interpreter. Observing Sir William's eldest granddaughter in the room, he said he supposed she was about ten years old. He was told she was only seven, and he called her to him, placed two of his fingers over her nose, and gave her a piece of liquorice, which he took from a small tortoiseshell box. Sir William Doveton begged Bertrand to inform Bonaparte that he hoped he would stop and breakfast with him; but this the illustrious visitor declined, saying, they had brought their own breakfast, and preferred taking it on the lawn. Sir William endeavoured to dissuade him from this, saying that the house, and whatever accommodation he could afford, was at their service, and he took Bonaparte and

Bertrand into the dining-room, where he pointed to a large pat of fresh butter on the breakfast-table, saying it was at the service of his guests. Upon this Bonaparte smiled, and gently took hold of his host's right ear, as was his custom when he wished to signify his approval. They then returned to the drawing-room, and Bonaparte resumed his seat on the sofa. Soon afterwards one of Sir William's daughters, Mrs. Green tree, came into the room with her youngest child in her arms, and Napoleon rose and pointed to the sofa as a sign that she was to sit there. Two of her little girls had each their noses taken hold of by the affable visitor, and received from him a small piece of liqueur. In the mean time Count Montolong had got a table and laid it on the lawn. Sir William Doveton sent out a variety of good things, and then the Count came in and announced that breakfast was ready. Their host was requested to go and share their meal, which he did, taking with him, he says, a pint bottle of Mount Pleasant water (*alias*, orange shrub), made by his daughter, and four liqueur-glasses. Bonaparte reserved for him a chair on his right hand, and desired him to sit there. After doing justice to some substantial viands, Bonaparte filled a small tumbler of champagne for Sir William and another for himself, and he afterwards drank a glass of the shrub. Coffee was then brought, and Bonaparte requested that Mrs. Green tree would come and partake of it. After she had tasted the coffee, which she found acid and disagreeable, Bonaparte filled a liqueur-glass with shrub and offered it to her. The party then rose, and Bonaparte handed Mrs. Green tree into the house, where he took his former seat on the sofa, with her beside him. In the course of conversation he put his favourite question to Sir William Doveton, and asked him, through Count Bertrand, whether he ever got drunk? To which Sir William replied, rather equivocally, "I like a glass of wine sometimes." He then turned to Mrs. Green tree, and inquired, "How often does your husband get drunk?—is he so once a week?" She answered, "No." "Is he once a fortnight?" She again replied, "No." "Once a month?" "No; it is some years since I saw him so." Bonaparte then said "Bah!" and changed the conversation. After sitting some time he rose and took leave, holding Bertrand's arm as he went down the steps. "The breakfast," Sir William tells us, "consisted of a cold pie, potted meat, cold turkey, curried fowl, ham or pork, I could not tell which; coffee, dates, almonds, oranges, and a very fine salad. From every appearance but his pale colour, it might be concluded that General Bonaparte was in good health; his face is astonishingly fat, and his body and thighs very round and plump." Indeed, to use the good knight's own words, which are more expressive than elegant, "he looked at fat and as round as a China pig."

We shall not dwell on the incidents which attended the ex-Emperor's illness and death; for they have been all minutely described in other works. It is enough to state that when the solemn scene was over, as Sir Hudson walked before the door of Plantation-house, with Major Gorrequer and Mr. Henry, conversing on the character of the deceased, he observed, with a touch of some feeling, and perhaps of remorse, "Well, gentlemen, he was England's greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret."

*The Flowers of History, especially such as relate to the affairs of Britain.* Collected by MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER. Translated from the original by C. D. YONGE, B.A. In 2 vols. London: Bohn.

The Chroniclers are certainly more curious and amusing than veracious. They had a marvellous credulity. Every legend was accepted, and gravely written down as true, for they were usually monks, and to question any legend of history would be to shake confidence in the legends of the Church. Matthew of Westminster was one of the most famous of these legend-mongers. He was a Benedictine monk, who lived in the early part of the fourteenth century. He begins with a history of the creation of the world, traces it down to David, and then suddenly tells us that Ebraicus founded York at the same time that Solomon built the Temple. All the early tales of the Ancient Britons are recounted; the wizard Merlin, the red dragon, and the white dragon, are as seriously recorded as if they were unquestionable facts. As a specimen of his "history" take this. He tells us that the Emperor Trajan once gave a kindly judgment on behalf of a poor widow, which so delighted St. Gregory that he wept for the unbelief of the Emperor until the next night "he received an answer that he had been heard on behalf of Trajan, on condition of never again praying for any other pagan. And we are to believe that thus the soul of Trajan was de-

livered from the torments of hell, so that, though it is placed in hell, it, by the mercy of God, does not feel the smallest of the torments of hell."

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter.* Edited and compiled by TOM TAYLOR, Esq. 3 vols.

This is a highly interesting addition to our store of biographical literature, as well as an important contribution towards the history of British art. The materials placed at the disposition of Mr. Taylor consisted of an autobiography, embracing the first thirty-four years of the painter's life; twenty-six volumes of journals, kept without break, and with unwearied minuteness, down to the last and closing scene of the writer's career; together with a considerable mass of correspondence of an interesting character. These Mr. Taylor has used with judgment and discrimination, and in three volumes of moderate dimensions presents us with a greater amount of interesting matter than is often found in six or seven of those bulky tomes which are wont to be poured forth nowadays in the name of biography. In the first volume Haydon tells his own story, in his own way; and in the two which follow it has been the aim of the editor to allow him, through his journals, to speak as much as possible for himself. Mr. Taylor, in stating his editorial views, says:—

Haydon is presented to the readers of these volumes—I will not say "in his habit as he lived"—but as he thought, or at any rate wished the world to believe he lived. Whether the portrait be a true likeness it is for those who knew him to say. On this point there will probably be as many opinions as critics. At any rate, it is better than any other man can draw. The vainest human being knows himself better than the most clear-sighted observer knows him, and his own description of himself will always be the best we can obtain (if he have the needful power and habit of record); for even his misstatements, exaggerations, and perversions are characteristic, and like no other man's.

These are sound views, and peculiarly applicable in the case of Haydon, who writes with a remarkably vigorous, though coarse, style, by the pomposities and flourishes of which few will be led astray, but which shows the essence of the man, his strength and his weakness, more effectually than any biographer's pen could possibly do. He thought himself a hero, an apostle, a martyr, and endeavours to paint himself as such. A candid posterity will admit that he had many of the traits which belong to these characters, but associated with qualities so inconsistent as to account easily for his missing the crown for which he panted. Benvenuto Cellini was such another character; and those who are acquainted with his autobiography will not fail to be reminded of it in reading that of Haydon. But the gifts of the Italian artist were greater, and his mind, with all its infirmities, better balanced.

As a contribution to the history of English art in the present century, this book is in many ways valuable. It will be acknowledged that most of the views of art for which Haydon struggled, and of which he considered himself the appointed champion, have begun to find acceptance and to be acted upon. He lived to see the commencement of the era, in which he had fondly hoped to play a leading part, but in the glories of which it was denied to him to participate—the era of the employment by Government of artists to decorate the public buildings of the country on a large scale. This long hoped-for period came too late, when his powers were beginning to wane, and younger and more gifted aspirants had come into the field. His heart sunk under the final blight of his long-delayed hopes; and a self-inflicted death terminated his stormy career. In the earlier parts of his life we have glimpses of Fuseli, Northcote, Opie, West, carrying us back to the school of the last century. The rise of Wilkie and the growth of the now popular style of genre-painting, the first impressions produced by the divine works of ancient Athens, known as the Elgin marbles, the beginnings of the National gallery, the germs of all which we are now familiar with as belonging to the art of our day, are presented in lively colours. Reminiscences of Keats, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, and other names of note, are interspersed, and many of the anecdotes are excellent.

Haydon seems to have been treated with wonderful forbearance and generosity by many

of those with whom he came in contact. Notwithstanding all the faults of the man, there must have been something in him to inspire confidence and sympathy. The records of the indulgent conduct of his landlord and creditors are pleasing gleams in the midst of his stormy life-picture, of which we now proceed to give a brief sketch.

Benjamin Robert Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 23rd of January, 1786; a fact recorded by his father in his journal, which he seems to have kept with great particularity, never omitting to note the state of the wind and weather, with which the most important as well as the most trivial entries always concluded. His father's family, the painter tells us, was one of the oldest in Devon, but was ruined by a lawsuit, and Haydon the grandfather, who had a taste for painting, was bound apprentice to a bookseller at Plymouth, saved money, married a descendant of Baskerville the printer, and became a flourishing tradesman. His son, the painter's father, succeeded to his business, and married the daughter of a clergyman. Thus, by father and mother's side, Haydon was, as he records with characteristic self-gratulation, well descended and well connected. From his earliest years his impetuous character developed itself; and he mentions the fact that a childish fit of fury was quelled by the exhibition of a book of engravings, which at once absorbed his attention. A taste for design soon showed itself, and at seven years of age his "chief delight was in drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, copied from a print of the day."

His first schoolmaster, Dr. Bidlake, was an oddity, with a love for painting, of which he encouraged the dawn in his young pupil. At ten years of age Haydon began to draw the human figure, studied anatomical books, and conceived the idea of becoming an historical painter. The father was pleased at first by his son's promising talent for art, but as the boy grew up began to be alarmed, lest it might interfere with his success in the calling for which he destined him, namely, his own business; and when Benjamin was about the age of thirteen, he removed him to the grammar-school at Plympton, where it was understood that drawing was not to be included in the programme of study. The ruling passion soon showed itself, and one half-holiday when the master, observing a dead silence in the play-ground, apprehended mischief and bolted into the school, he found the boys drawing under Haydon's direction with the greatest quiet, he marching about and correcting as he went. He was next bound an apprentice to his father, but did not take kindly to the shop, and here began that ceaseless strife with circumstance which marked his whole career. An inflammation in the eyes produced blindness for a time; but when a partial recovery took place, it never occurred to the ardent youth that dimness of sight could possibly be an obstacle to the accomplishment of the object which had taken full possession of his mind, that of becoming a great historical painter. Reynolds's Discourses now fell in his way, and his future destiny was irrevocably fixed. Father, mother, relations, and friends brought every argument of logic, persuasion, and threats to bear, but were routed and demolished with an energy which carried all before it. A sale of anatomical works happening at Plymouth, Haydon, without money in his pocket, went and boldly bid for a copy of Albinius, which was knocked down to him for 2/- 10s., and for which his father was left to pay. This treasure obtained, he set to work to copy the plates, and learn the origin and insertion of the muscles, getting his sister to hear him repeat his lesson. They would walk about the house, she saying, "How many heads to the deltoid? Where does it rise? Where is it inserted?" by which plan of catechism he got by heart in a fortnight all the muscles of the body.

His father's circumstances had become embarrassed, and the determination of his son, whose assistance might have reinstated the family, to desert the business and to follow the uncertain and expensive career of art, threw everything into worse confusion. But nothing availed to turn the fixed purpose of the future painter; and at length it was agreed that Haydon should be permitted to set out for the metropolis, with twenty pounds to start upon; and on the 13th of May 1804 he collected his books and colours, packed up his things, and took his place in the mail for the next day—affection for home smothered, as he says,

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but not extinguished in him, and his thoughts only of London—Sir Joshua—drawing—dissection—and high art.

Arrived in town, his first proceeding was to call upon Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli. Of his interviews with these three celebrities, and their various receptions of him, he gives the most graphic and entertaining account. To Northcote, who was a fellow townsman, he went first, and received little encouragement from the keen old humourist, who snubbed him unmercifully upon the notion of studying anatomy, as wholly unnecessary for the only walk in the profession worth thinking of—that of portrait-painting. But Haydon was not to be disconcerted, and sought the opinion of Opie, who commended anatomical studies, but advised him to put himself under a master. He promptly decided to take neither the advice of Northcote as to giving up anatomy, nor that of Opie as to becoming a pupil; and this peculiar independence of all counsel, excepting when it happened to accord with his own views, is one of the most marked characteristics of the man throughout life. Fuseli, of whom he entertained a mysterious dread, proved a milder and more appreciating counsellor than he expected, and eventually became one of his best and surest friends.

Haydon set to work with indefatigable energy, working twelve or fourteen hours a day, and still sticking to his *Albinus*, when a letter arrived saying that his father was at the point of death. Hurrying down to Plymouth, he found his father out of danger, and the "next day got bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital, and was hard at work that very night." His friends concluded him stark mad. Returning to London, his acquaintance with Wilkie commenced, whose advent had been thus announced to him by his friend Jackson: "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

The contrast of character between the two men was great; Haydon vehement, unpersuadable, inflated with high ideas of his own powers and future greatness; Wilkie modest, timid, doubtful of his own success, but with a strong admixture of Scotch prudence. A warm friendship sprang up between them, and these early days of ardent aspiration are the brightest of Haydon's life. Wilkie's reputation was soon established, and when in the full tide of popularity he did not forget his friend. Through him came Haydon's first commission and introduction to Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, the principal patrons of art of the day. With greater flexibility of disposition he might now have achieved competence, and, without sacrifice of principle, have taken a high and sure position in art; but it is evident, from his own admission, that his impracticable temper outraged and alienated those who were most disposed to cherish his genius.

The mania for the colossal and gigantic in art, perpetually interfered with the views of those who might have been disposed to offer him commissions for subjects of moderate size; and the unwillingness to yield a single inch of what he conceived to be the only heroic dimensions, was the cause of controversies and misunderstandings, which resulted in coolness on the part of his friends, and bitterness on his own towards those whom he conceived incapable of appreciating the highest objects of painting. On the whole, it is evident that encouragement and appreciation were not wanting, and it is not to be wondered that the fierce unconciliating tone in which offers of employment were met, repelled and disgusted, instead of winning favour.

The Elgin marbles now arrived in England, and occasioned a great sensation, shaking the old established ideas of the principles of the antique to their foundation. In Haydon they awoke an enthusiasm which he describes in burning words, and he claims, perhaps not without justice, the honour of having been the first to give them their full appreciation, and to act upon the lessons which they convey.

"Oh, how I inwardly thanked God," he writes, "that I was prepared to understand all this! Now I was rewarded for the petty harassings I had suffered. Now was I mad for buying *Albinus* without a penny to pay for it? Now was I mad for lying on the floor hours together, copying its figures? I felt the future. I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis. I do not say this now, when all the world acknowledges it, but I said it then, when no one would believe me. I went home in a perfect excitement,

Wilkie trying to moderate my enthusiasm with his national caution."

His first great picture of *Dentatus*, a commission from Lord Mulgrave, does not seem to have produced a great impression. How far this may have been owing to its being hung in an unfavourable place in the exhibition of the Academy, or to its own imperfections, we cannot say; but here began that inextinguishable feud with the Academy which was the bane of the painter's after career. In the year 1810 Haydon put down his name for admission to that body. He had not a single vote, and Arnold, a painter now forgotten, was elected. The lion was roused and became shortly furious, and a vigorous attack was commenced in the *Examiner* against the Academy and its abominations. Wilkie offered temperate and wise counsels, which, of course, were not followed; and thus, says the author of the *Autobiography*—

For the rest of my anxious life my destiny was altered. I had brought forty men, and all their high connexions, on my back at twenty-six years old, and there was nothing left but victory or Westminster Abbey. I made up my mind for the conflict, and ordered at once a larger canvas for another work.

This work was the *Solomon*, which is at this moment opportunely exhibited at the British Institution, and is generally considered the painter's masterpiece. It is unquestionably a fine and thoughtful composition, but illustrative of the character of the man. The love of strife and struggle is embodied in it, and Solomon sits triumphantly analysing the conflict of passions before him, much in the same way as Haydon himself dissects the proceedings of his friends and enemies. The stormy, tyrannical genius of its author, and his deficient sense of delicacy, appear in every line. It was hung at the Water-colour Exhibition, and found instant appreciation with the public. This was the first great success. It was bought by a Devonshire banker for 600*l.*, and the painter was thus enabled to discharge his pecuniary liabilities, which had begun to be oppressive.

France being now open to the English, Wilkie and Haydon hastened thither to luxuriate amongst the treasures of the Louvre, then crowded with spoils of art from all countries. The journal of the French tour is very entertaining, and contains many happy touches and good anecdotes.

In 1820 he exhibited a large picture of *Christ entering Jerusalem*; in painting which, six years had been consumed, and which attracted great attention, and produced a considerable sum. It was afterwards exhibited in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where it also had great success. This work is now in America. These were, perhaps, the brightest days of Haydon's life. But, as his fame increased, so did the importunity of creditors who now began to see prospects of their old scores being wiped off. The rest of his life is one incessant conflict with pecuniary difficulties; four times we find him in the King's Bench prison; and in the midst of it all he paints, journalises, memorialises, and duns ministers and friends for money, for employment, for the carrying out of his great national project. He marries also a widow with two children, and his conduct as a husband and father is self-denying and noble, and is among the redeeming points of his character, in which vanity and obstinacy may be traced, but not selfishness or self-indulgence. His next great work was *Lazarus*, now at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, and which shows his excellencies and defects very prominently. The head of Lazarus in this picture is possibly the finest thing he ever painted; it awfully realises the expression of one who returns from the other world. Haydon was inspired with the idea of it on seeing an unfinished print of the resurrection of Lazarus, in which a blank space was left for his head. In the other parts of this picture there is vulgarity of expression and a general coarseness of manner which detract greatly from its effect.

By degrees the unbending spirit was driven by necessity to yield a point, and we find him condescending to portraiture. Lectures on art now, also, came into requisition, and Haydon was well qualified for a lecturer, and gained considerable reputation in this line. In 1842, the Fine Arts Commission issued a notice of the conditions for cartoon-competition, intended to test the capacity of English artists for the style of art required in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon was fifty-six years of age, and the meridian of his powers was past. Yet he did not

shrink from the contest, though he seems to have foreboded the result. His cartoon was not among those to which a prize was awarded. Commissions were subsequently given to six younger artists, but to Haydon none came.

It could hardly have been otherwise; but the painter's heart was broken. One last effort remained: he had executed two pictures on a large scale, being part of a long-contemplated series of six, intended to illustrate the excellences of good government by instances of the effects of a bad one.

The two pictures finished were the *Banishment of Aristides* and *Nero contemplating the Burning of Rome*. These were advertised for exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, as a last appeal to the sense of the public at large against the supposed partiality of the Fine Art Commission. General Tom Thumb was then in all his glory, and counted his visitors by thousands for ten who came to see Aristides and Nero. The contrast was too humiliating. The exhibition was closed with a loss of above a hundred pounds, and troubles thickened on all sides. These are tragical pages to read. Sir Robert Peel was kind to the last, and on the application of the distressed painter sent 50*l.* about a week before his death. But it was unavailing: a fifth public insolvency at the age of sixty-one was more than Haydon could face; and on the 22nd of June 1846 he put an end to his life.

Mr. Taylor's work closes with a very judicious review of the character of the man and his works; and his estimate will probably be acknowledged to be a fair one. He thinks that Haydon will be remembered less as a painter than as a theorist and a lecturer about his calling. We are inclined to believe that his autobiography will not be the least valuable part of that which he has left behind.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE University of Oxford has of late shown a praiseworthy activity in the republication of some works of our older divines, which were popular in their day, but which, were it not for some such intervention as that of the University, would stand a chance of being forgotten by the present generation. Of these the following appear to deserve the honour paid them:—*A Paraphrase and Annotations upon all the Epistles of St. Paul*.—This work was first printed in the year 1675, and afterwards in 1684 and 1702. With respect to its authorship there is some doubt; but from internal evidence it is seen that various hands must have been engaged upon it. The present editor, Mr. Jacobson, of Christ Church, inclines strongly to the opinion that it was written, for the most part, by the Rev. Obadiah Walker, a learned divine of the Church of England, who went over to the Romish Church during the reign of James II. Abraham Woodhead, Richard Allestry, and Fell, Bishop of Oxford, are also mentioned as having had a share either in its authorship or publication; but it is very difficult to ascertain or even approximate the share which different compilers may have had in preparing the volume.

*Sixty Sermons preached upon several occasions*. By GEORGE SMALRIDGE, D.D., sometime Bishop of Bristol—appears without any preface or advertisement from the present editor. From another source, however, we gather that Bishop Smalridge died in 1719, and that these sermons were first published in a folio volume, by the author's widow, in the year 1726. Bishop Newton, in summing up his character, says that he was truly a worthy prelate, an excellent scholar, a sound divine, an eloquent preacher, and a good writer, both in Latin and English; of great gravity and dignity in his whole deportment, and at the same time of as great complacency and sweetness of manners: a character at once both amiable and venerable. He was so noted for his good temper that, succeeding Dr. Atterbury in the deaneries of Carlisle and Christchurch, he was said to carry the bucket wherewith to extinguish the fires which the other had kindled.—We shall only mention one other of the Oxford reprints at present, viz., *A Critical History of the Life of David*. By the Rev. S. CHANDLER, D.D.—Dr. Chandler was a learned non-conformist divine, and a voluminous writer. His "Life of David" was the most popular of his works, and was first published in 1766, after the author's decease. The following extract from the preface, in vindication of the character of the "Sweet Singer of Israel," sounds oddly to our modern ears: "All who have given us the character of this prince have not been thus candid. Mr. Bayle, and others who have followed him, have, in many instances, not only aggravated his real faults, but imputed to him crimes of which he was not guilty; and not only slighted his virtues, but by ill-natured hints and suspicions, for which there is no foundation in the history of this prince, endeavoured to make his virtues appear crimes. The author's design in

the following history is, by a full and impartial representation, to do justice to an injured character, and to confute the falsehoods and expose the misrepresentations which have been employed to make an excellent prince, and a man of real and great virtue and piety, appear a base hypocrite, and a Nero for cruelty and tyranny."—The able author of the *Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul*, has just put forth another valuable work, entitled *Dissertation on the Origin and Connection of the Gospels: with a Synopsis of the Parallel Passages in the Original and Authorised Version, and Critical Notes*. This new work by Mr. SMITH has partly sprung out of the author's previous labours, "when engaged in studying the nautical style of St. Luke, for the purpose of illustrating his narrative of the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul." The author, upon comparing St. Luke's account of the storm on the lake of Galilee with those of Matthew and Mark, was much struck with the results, which were entirely unexpected by him; for, upon first reading the New Testament continuously in the original, he noticed the agreement of many passages in the Gospel of Mark with those of Matthew, and "naturally concluded that Mark, who was not himself an eye-witness, had copied from Matthew, who was." In the present instance, however, the nautical expression *ταύτης ἀνέμου*, "squall of wind," which occurs both in Mark and Luke, seemed to show a closer connection between Mark and Luke, than between Mark and Matthew. Following up the inquiry, he copied the accounts in parallel columns; and, "upon comparing them, was led to conclude that St. Luke must have had both of the other accounts before him—Matthew in Greek, Mark in another language (Hebrew); that he had based his account on that of Mark, but completed it from Matthew; that he had omitted nothing but autographical details, such as eye-witnesses naturally employ—had inserted nothing but what could be inferred from the facts stated by the other Evangelists; that where he copied Matthew, the agreement was verbal; where he copied Mark, there was that kind of variation which occurs in independent translators from the same original. For reasons to be afterwards stated, he concluded that the original memoir was written by the apostle Peter, and translated by Mark; and that it was in consequence of this that Mark was designated by the Fathers the translator of Peter (*Magnos iugurthens Iudeos*)."<sup>1</sup> This, we believe, is no new theory. Many writers have maintained the strong probability of there having been a Protevangelium; and writers before Mr. Smith have pointed to the Gospel of Mark as being that first gospel. The present, however, is a work of entirely independent research, and is so far valuable that it tends to clear up "points which Neologian criticism had contrived to involve in obscurity, and which had resolved the historical accounts of the rise of Christianity into myths and legends." We have no space to follow the writer through his various arguments and illustrations in support of the theory he advocates, and shall merely add that, in the present investigation, much new light is thrown upon the connexion existing between the first three Gospels, and that the author has shown himself to be a liberal and enlightened scholar. We heartily trust that he will continue his valuable inquiries, without heeding the doubts cast upon his orthodoxy by narrow-minded critics.—The Convocation question, which we had lost sight of for a time, comes before us again in the following publication, by Archdeacon GARRETT: *What kind of Synod does the Church of England require? A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Chichester, &c.*—Mr. Garrett, in a charge lately addressed by him to the Archdeaconry of Chichester, made some valuable suggestions on the best means of restoring the synodical action of the Church; and, as we had a great respect for his judgment, we called our readers' attention to them as soon as published. In the present pamphlet he has elaborated those suggestions in a manner that shows him to be a thoroughly practical man, as well as one who is sincerely interested in the Church's welfare. What must strike every one, as he reads it, is the total absence of anything like party spirit in any portion of it from the commencement to the end. The Archdeacon is simply a member of the Church of England, and, while he knows of the distinctions between High Church and Low Church, he wisely stands aloof from both. Rejoicing in the good that has been done by the several agencies that have from time to time sprung up in the bosom of the Church, in which he recognises a strong bond of union between the two conflicting parties, notwithstanding their differences on many points; and recognising also in the episcopate a powerful instrument of good, "as pastors not of a party but of Christ's flock, who have given their support, and on the whole an impartial patronage, to the great associations of both sections;" he nevertheless feels that without some general assembly, "which shall be the Church's common organ in all her practical difficulties, the disintegrating elements now fiercely at work will assuredly prevail over the principles of union." The objections to a revival of Convocation, as at present constituted, appear to him to be unanswerable—as tending of necessity only to schism and dissolution, both between the clergy themselves, and between the laity and clergy; and he therefore strongly advocates a Synod, in which

there shall be "a union of laity and clergy in equal proportions, and admission, on an equal footing, of all parties, to consult on practical matters, under the control of the Crown." "It is a crisis," he adds, "worthy of a great statesman's interference; and if a sage experience and a serene intelligence, undisturbed by party or passion, can fit a man for such a task, it fits Lord Aberdeen. Let the Crown come to our rescue before it is too late." The details of the Archdeacon's scheme are too numerous for us to mention, but will be found worthy of the reader's best consideration. Before concluding, however, we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage as illustrating the Catholic spirit with which the author has addressed himself to his task:—"Few men are aware, even touching the doctrine of holy baptism, that the author of the ablest and most elaborate vindication of it, as the basis of all Christian education, and both of individual and national regeneration, is what, in the received language of the day, is called a Low Churchman, the Rev. Mr. Budd. Few, on the other side, are aware of the many touching and charitable exhortations to peace, and the evidences of a profound sympathy, in the innerman, with evangelical teaching and the power of Christ in the soul, which have come from the pen of Doctor Pusey. On many points which by the laws of human nature, the infirmity of human temper, and the one-sidedness of the human intellect are, in all religious revivals, thrown into the back-ground, the evangelical section of the Church have come to an open agreement with their brethren of the other category, to whom we owe, among other debts, and in spite of many errors, the development and inculcation of so many complementary and balancing verities."—*The Salvation and Faith of the Christian*. By WILLIAM DAVIS, Minister of the Croft Chapel, Hastings—is by the same author whose treatise on "Immortality" we noticed in our last number. It consists of two essays: the first "On the complete Salvation of the Gospel," and the second "On Faith as opposed to Sense." Each may be regarded as an admirable summary of the important subject that it professes to treat of.—*A Demonstration of Catholic Truth, by a plain and final Argument, against the Socinian Heresy: a Discourse delivered in All Saints' Church (Manchester), on Good Friday, 1853*. By the Rev. CHARLES BURTON, D.C.L.—is an impressive composition, and one that deserves to be extensively read. It puts forth no claim to originality, however, as the author himself confesses in the following note:—"The mode of argument adopted in this discourse has already, in part, been propounded by Archbishop Whately, Dr. Wilson, and others; but, being so palpably clear and absolutely unanswerable, and withal so generally overlooked, the author deemed the subject most worthy of an earnest endeavour to give it a fuller development, accompanied with a plain and practical appeal adapted to the great importance of the subject, and brought within the reach of general readers." It will not be amiss to mention that in pp. 22, 23, there is a valuable note on the signification of the words Kephas and Peter, and their connection with a Hebrew word, which signifies to interpret or explain. This connection of the word Peter with the Hebrew is a fact lost sight of by ordinary critics. But the word "is used in Genesis xl. and xli., in the affair of the dreams of Pharaoh and his servants. On those occasions, Joseph was the Peter or Interpreter. This phrase the Septuagint explains by the Greek *ελευθερία*, which signifies liberating from bonds,—so bringing out the very ideas appended by Christ, that to Peter (and to all) he would give the key of interpretation, by which they should "bind and loose." This criticism is supported by Schleusner, Albert, and Hesychius."—In a former number we gave a notice of the new volume of M. d'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century*, and we have now to acknowledge the receipt of the Messrs. Blackie's edition of the same, being Vol. IV. of their elegant edition of this history. It is equal in every respect to the previous volumes, and is enriched with finely-executed portraits of the following distinguished individuals, viz.: Henry VIII., Wickliffe, Wolsey, Francis I., Tindal, Latimer, Clement VII., Catharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Sir Thomas More.—Before concluding, we must call attention to *An Appeal for the Ansyreech of Northern Syria: being a Report on their present state to the Right Rev. Dr. Cobal, Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem*. By the Rev. SAMUEL LYDE, M.A., late chaplain (*pro tem.*) of the Anglican Church in Beyrouth.—The object of this appeal is to collect funds for commencing a mission among the Ansyreech or Nusairech of northern Syria, who constitute an important section of its inhabitants, and among whom there is no Christian missionary of any church or sect at present labouring. The writer speaks from personal knowledge of the feasibility of his project, and proposes to commence operations by the opening of a central school, at the small outlay of about 400*l.* per annum, to be raised by subscription. Mr. Lyde offers to superintend the work, and likewise generously undertakes to defray his own expenses. We sincerely trust that so laudable an undertaking will not fail to the ground for the want of funds—especially as it is intended that, in order to insure their proper application, the funds raised, whatever they may be, are to pass through the hands of the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.

## EDUCATION.

*A Review of Public Instruction in the Bengal Presidency, from 1835 to 1851*, By J. KERR, M.A. Part I. London : Allen and Co.

THE discussion now in progress on the affairs of India has given greater interest to the subject of this volume than at another season it would have been likely to attract. It is a full account of the system of education now pursued under Government auspices in British India—tracing the history of public education through its various changes and improvements; detailing the organisation, the superintending authorities, the educational officers, the course of instruction, the examination, the rewards, the books used, the discipline, attendance, and holidays, the colleges, the arrangements for vernacular education, and the employment of the educated natives. It would be impossible to give even an outline of so large a subject within the columns of a journal; and therefore we must be content with this brief description, and commanding it to those who take an interest in the question of which it treats so lucidly and with such an abundance of information.

*The Beginner's Own French Book*. By C. J. DELILLE. London : Whittaker.

MR. DELILLE has well consulted the exigencies of those who are not inclined to undertake the examination of his more scientific grammar, and now puts forward all the elementary parts of that splendid educational work in a condensed form. It contains a vocabulary of useful words, a few plain rules of grammar, copious and varied examples arrayed as exercises, and a selection of easy and interesting literary extracts for reading and translation; and all this within a compass and at a price which render it attainable to the humblest student.

*The Illustrated London Architectural, Engineering, and Mechanical Drawing Book*, by Mr. R. S. BURNS (Ingram and Co.), is really what many works pretend to be and are not—an elementary treatise. The pupil is initiated, step by step, from the simplest to the most complicated constructions. We are glad that at length the importance of making architectural and mechanical drawing a part of school education is being recognised. It is useful to everybody in after life, and not merely to those who are to follow them as professions. All of us have repeated occasions to draw plans. This excellent volume, profusely illustrated, teaches us how to do so.—Another of Ingram and Cooke's educational works is an elementary treatise on *Electric Science: its History, Phenomena, and Applications*, by MR. BAKEWELL. It explains everything in familiar and very intelligible language; the illustrations are abundant. Young persons desirous of learning the laws of electricity could not turn to a better teacher than this volume.—MR. HIND, whose authority will be universally acknowledged, has contributed a third to the same series of treatises, and which is called *The Illustrated London Astronomy*. It is admirably adapted for schools; and diagrams make the teachings of the Astronomer intelligible to the youngest reader.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852*. By JOHN FORBES, M.D., F.R.S. Author of "A Physician's Holiday." In 2 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

*A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin; with a Peep into the Polar Basin*. By Commander E. A. INGLEFIELD, R.N. With Short Notices by Professor DICKIE, on the Botany, and by Dr. SUTHERLAND, on the Meteorology and Geology; and a New Chart of the Arctic Sea. Harrison.

*Scenes and Adventures in the Semi-Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas*. By HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co.

*Home Life in Germany*. By CHARLES L. BRACE. New York: Scribner.

*The Turks in Europe; a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire*. By BAYLE ST. JOHN, Author of "Village Life in Egypt," &c. Chapman and Hall.

*The Ansyreech and Ismaelech; a Visit to the Secret Sects of Northern Syria*. By the Rev. SAMUEL LYDE, B.A. Hurst and Blackett.

*Wanderings in Spain*. By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Ingram and Co.

(Continued from page 313.)

*The Physician's Holiday* was a delightful book. The cheerfulness of the writer imparted itself irresistibly to the reader. Dr. FORBES travelled to be amused and instructed; accordingly he finds amusement and instruction everywhere, and he invites the world to partake in the pleasure and profit of his tour. The world has accepted the

invitation, and acknowledged the value of the proffer in the substantial form of a demand for several editions of the work.

Dr. Forbes made his last summer tour in Ireland, and in the two volumes before us he has recorded the impressions of his travel as faithfully and as pleasantly as he narrated his tour in Switzerland. If the result is not so attractive to the desultory reader, it is due to the larger quantity of facts and figures, and the less amount of adventure and picturesque description, consequent upon the differences in the nature of his theme. In Switzerland he had to discourse of nature in her grandest aspects; in Ireland, of man in his most abased condition. The change from the contemplation of the Alps to the inspection of the hut of an Irish peasant, is apparent in the very tone of the book before us. It is in a sadder strain than its predecessor; his mood is more melancholy; reflection is more called into play; and the philosopher puts off his holiday dress and manner, and sets himself to his task in sober earnestness, anxious to sound the depth of the miseries he beholds, while the physician pronounces such remedies as occur to him. Landing at Kingstown, he visits Dublin to view its sights; thence he wanders through County Wicklow to Carlow, Kildare, Cashel, and Cork; passes Skibbereen, Bantry, and Glengariff to Killarney; thence to Limerick and Galway, Connemara and Castlebar, Ballena, Sligo, Enniskillen, Londonderry, and Coleraine. Of course the Giant's Causeway was inspected; Belfast, Antrim, and Armagh were visited in succession. Besides the narrative of the tour through these localities, distinct chapters at the close of the work are devoted to a review of the results of the traveller's observations as they related to the Union Workhouses, the Round Towers, the College of Maynooth, the state of education, with some general reflections on Ireland in the past, the present, and the future.

Dr. Forbes is the most impartial of the many who have written on Ireland, and we are disposed to receive his judgments with respect and confidence. Upon the whole they are favourable. He sees in the country much to admire; in the people much to regard; and he is full of hope for the future. He admits, however, a tendency in them which has been often remarked before, but which, coming from such a source, may be deemed to be at least an unprejudiced observation.

I am ready to admit that I have often heard Irishmen say the thing that was not; often, certainly, than I have heard Englishmen or Scotsmen say it; but I cannot, on my own authority, accuse them of telling a downright intentional lie more frequently than other people. An Irishman's slips are more the sudden expression of emotional feeling than lies—bounces white-lies, at most: they spring from the same intellectual source as his wit, his bulls, and his fun, and have a close alliance with the quick geniality and kindness of his heart. His impulsive nature makes him speak before he has had time to think, and hence he often speaks wrong; his eager desire to oblige, to assent, to favour, overpowers for the moment the perception or recollection of all opposing facts; and hence he often says *yes* when he should say *no*, or *no* when he should say *yes*. But give Paddy time to think, and to become calm and to bridle his fancy, and he will speak as truly and wisely as another man: when the froth has had time to subside, the genuine liquor will be found below. I can, at least, say that I have practically found this to be the case; and I propound my theory with confidence, as one capable of washing out this blot, at least, from poor Paddy's escutcheon. That an Irishman can and sometimes does tell downright, intentional, motived lies, which no theory but that of cowardice or wickedness can explain, is, no doubt, too true; that he does so more frequently than other men I can neither of my knowledge assert or deny; but I honestly believe that the chief part of his alleged misdoings in this way—that part which has attached to him the evil reputation he bears—may be easily and justly explained, and explained away, on the simple psychological hypothesis given above.

He praises the beauty of—

#### THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.

As usual, the boys in both these schools (at Bantry) were not so well-dressed as the girls, but they were by no means ragged or dirty. The girls were not merely decently but even very neatly dressed, their skins clean, their hair in good order; and among them many children of extraordinary beauty. This last observation is equally applicable to all the schools visited by me in the south of Ireland, as well as to the children seen in the cottages, and even to the beggars; the beauty of the female children, in particular, being very striking. They uniformly wear their hair very thick, and in great profusion—black, golden, and flaxen; and when this huge rounded mass is kept within due bounds and in proper trim, as

is generally the case in the schools, it gives a romantic and poetical expression to the head and face, which greatly enhances the effect of their bright black eyes and elegant features. I may add that the beauty of the children is by no means evanescent, as it is found abundantly, though not in quite so great a degree, among the grown-up young women throughout the south and west of Ireland. This comeliness, if not general, was certainly frequent; and, in individual specimens, attained the standard of almost faultless beauty—and this not merely in features, but in form and deportment also. It was no slight pleasure to meet one of those rustic maidens of a morning, tripping joyously along the turf in her bright-coloured shawl, with her small and well-shaped feet and ankles unfettered by shoes or stockings, with her little upright carriage, and her profuse glossy and well-arranged locks; and this pleasure was not a little enhanced when a salutation or a question brought out, as it did at once, her modest smile and her pretty brogue. It is another tribute justly due to the young women of Ireland, to record their singular decorum and modesty of demeanour, and their general propriety of conduct. I do not hesitate for a moment, in giving to them decidedly the palm, in these particulars, over the rustic damsels of both England and Scotland.

Dr. Forbes, in common with all philanthropists, deplores the downfall of the Temperance Movement, once so vast, now almost extinct. He attributes it mainly to the hostility of the ultramontane party in the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Various causes have contributed here as elsewhere to the downfall of the temperance system. The hospitality of Dr. M' Hale is regarded as one of the principal in this town as well as in Westport. It is no enviable distinction to this prelate that he should be opposed to the two greatest measures ever devised for the moral and physical good of his countrymen—I mean the National School System and the Abstinence movement of Father Mathew; and still more that he alone, of all the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland—and the clergy whom he immediately rules, of all the priests in Ireland—should be entitled to this bad eminence."

At Limerick he had occasion to notice the devotion of the people.

#### CATHOLIC CHAPELS.

I visited two of the Catholic chapels, St. Michael's and St. John's, both in the morning and afternoon, during the time of service. Though they were large, I found them not merely crowded, but literally crammed with people in their interior, and every passage and doorway so completely filled, as to connect the living mass within, with a similar though smaller mass without; indeed, the chapel-yard in both places was half-filled with people. In the interior, not merely the benches around the walls (of which there seemed only a single row), but the whole floor was packed as close as it was possible for persons kneeling to be packed. It was a striking sight, and not a little touching, to see those children of poverty at their devotions; kneeling, crouching, many stretched at full length upon the ground as if dead; others striking their breasts, or holding up their hands fixedly in the air, or counting their beads; and all uttering their responses in the most earnest tones,—all apparently in that profound absorption of the faculties, which indicates utter oblivion of everything external. Many children were present, and exhibited as much fervour of devotion as their seniors. A few of the women had books, more had rosaries, but the majority had neither.

He condemns a practice to which the lower classes are addicted, of wearing cast-off clothes, that have been fine, in preference to more becoming garments that are new.

This habit, originating no doubt in poverty, has, I think, been carried much further than was absolutely necessary, merely because it had become a habit. I think it must be beginning to wear out, as I observe that a fair proportion of the boys and young men show themselves, at least on Sundays, in jackets and short coats, evidently originals. When such a change has become general, it will enable Old Ireland to put a much better face, at least, upon her poverty, if, indeed, the change itself may not be looked on as evidence of the diminution of that calamity. Nothing could convey to a stranger a stronger impression of wretchedness and untidiness, than this vicious costume of the Irish, disfiguring at once to the person of the wearers, and calling forth in the mind of the observer the most disagreeable associations. Even when not in holes, as they too often are, those long-tailed coats, almost touching the ground, and those shapeless breeches, with their gaping knee-bands, sagging below the calf of the leg, are the very emblems and ensigns of beggary and degradation. I believe, moreover, that the use of such garments is a great mistake, and not by any means so inevitable a result of the want of means as is commonly supposed. Like all cheap bad things, they prove, in the end, much dearer than good new clothing, which will last three or four times as long as

most of these refurbished but rotten commodities. A little management, with the aid of their more well-to-do neighbours to plan for them, and to act for them, would soon bring the new clothing within easy reach of many who now think themselves only able to grasp the old. Once adopted, the improvement must be permanent, as the very first suit would be found to carry the wearer further on than the two old suits he had been accustomed to buy for about the same money.

Here is a curious and interesting anecdote:—

In coming along the valley, we had been struck with one farm in a very superior order to the others, and saw several boggy fields under the process of deep draining. The farmer, we were told, was a rich enterprising miller, who was expending on his land the gains he had made by his mill. A curious fact connected with this draining—if it is a fact, and I see no reason to doubt it—was mentioned to me by my intelligent friend as he sat by my side on his wife's table, with his huge bare legs besmeared with dark peat-earth up to the knees. He said that the miller's draining operations had been going on for years, and that the men employed in them had been brought from England. Most of these men, he said, had domesticated themselves in the place; several had married; and none of them intended to return to England again. My informant added that the chief cause of this settlement of the strangers was, that they preferred some of this country's customs to their own. The Irish, the Englishman said, were friendlier and kindlier to one another, went more to the houses of each other, and so had more pleasure than their countrymen in England. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me;" and when I compare what I afterwards saw of the cordiality, jollity, and fun of the Irish peasantry, even under the pressure of extreme poverty, with the cold, dull, matter of fact and business habits of the English labourers, I felt no great surprise that, by a certain class of men, the Irish hovel should be preferred to the Saxon cottage.

We should add that the interest and value of the works are much enhanced by two maps and several engravings.

Captain INGLEFIELD was the volunteer commander of the screw steamer provided by the affectionate cares of Lady Franklin, and appointed to make a careful search of Behring's Straits. Although he did not arrive till late in the season, he contrived to penetrate the strait, and to push into the Polar Sea through Smith's Sound, the width of which he discovered to be no less than thirty-six miles at the narrowest point. He found only one island, whose rocks, from the distance, for he was unable to approach them, appeared to be free from snow. The gathering of ice about the sea, and the rapidly increasing cold, however, just at this time, warned them to return; and it was now intelligible to him how it was possible, nay, probable, that Franklin and his party may have entered through this, or some other strait, and then found themselves icebound, with no opening for retreat, to await a lingering death from cold or hunger, or both, for only in unusually warm seasons would the ice break up so as to permit of a passage out of it. On his return voyage, Captain Inglefield explored some of the Western Coasts of the Bay, and after an absence of only four months, he reached the shores of Scotland.

Such a narrative is necessarily brief, and it is creditable to Captain Inglefield and his publisher that there was no attempt at bookmaking. The story is told simply and unaffectedly; just enough is said, and no more; space is not wasted in disquisitions; descriptions are not reiterated; there is no endeavour to be rhapsodical. It is the plain straightforward story of a good sailor, who has seen something worth seeing, which he supposes his countrymen will deem worth listening to, and so he tells it. He has added, however, a learned and instructive essay by Dr. Sutherland, the surgeon of the Expedition, on the Geography of the Bay, in which he has introduced an account of the physiology of icebergs.

Here is a novel scene—

#### A GREENLAND SERMON.

Being anxious to witness the forms and simple ceremonies of the service in a native church, I obeyed the summons of the bell in the neighbourhood, and soon found myself in a large, low, whitewashed room, and taking my seat quietly in a corner, I watched the Esquimaux assembling in this far-off land, to worship the same God and Saviour, that my countrymen had, a few hours before, been praising in our English churches. Softly but rapidly the little meeting-house filled, and then the door closed, and an Esquimaux with the most forbidding exterior of any I had seen slowly rose, and with much solemnity gave out a hymn; and in a few moments the melodious harmony of many well-tuned voices broke forth. I was delighted with the strain; for, though not a word was intelligible to me, I could nevertheless feel that each

person was lifting his heart to his Maker, and I unconsciously joined in the harmony with words which, having learnt in childhood, now rushed into my mind and bid me mingle them with the hallelujahs of these poor semi-savages. After the hymn, a chapter of the Bible was read in the Esquimaux language, and then a prayer, extempore, but full of that fervour and earnest devotion which made me look with more reverence at the ungaily native who was thus leading the hearts of his fellows to the mercy-seat of Heaven. A sermon followed, and then burst from the preacher's lips a flow of elocution that I have seldom heard equalled; without gesticulation he warmed on his subject till the large drops of perspiration fell on the sacred volume, and his tone and emphasis proved that he was gifted with eloquence of no ordinary nature. Another hymn followed, and then they separated with the blessing of this native Esquimaux catechist—for such I afterwards found he was. A Danish clergyman resides at Frederiks-haab, but he is able to visit Lichtenfels and Fiskernes only on every other Sunday. The musical talent of these people was shown upon several occasions. At night they came down to the rocks abreast of the ship, and sung some native melodies that were so graceful and full of harmony, that the most cultivated musician might have been charmed with them.

The icebergs, it seems, are gradually preparing "organic remains" to interest, if not to perplex, future generations. As thus—

#### HOW "REMAINS" ARE MADE.

In addition to such varied materials as we have indicated, this new formation of "till" will contain abundant remains of animals of a much higher order. Of all parts of the ocean, the Polar are those most frequented by the cetaceans and the seals. The numbers of the former are very great, and that of the latter almost beyond comprehension. In the Greenland seas, especially during the months of March and April, in the vicinity of the island of Jan Mayen, I am informed that for hundreds of miles the fields of ice are studded with seals, which, in the case of the young ones, are so tame as to be approached with a "sealing" club, with which they are killed. The bones of these animals must be strewn plentifully on the bottom; and thus they will become constituents of the growing deposit, if they do not undergo decomposition. It may also contain the enduring remains of other mammalia. Every Arctic traveller is aware of the fact that Polar bears are seen on the ice at a great distance to sea, and quite out of sight of land; and my own experience bears testimony to the fact, that not unfrequently they are found swimming in the sea when neither ice nor land is in sight. The Arctic fox, and I believe also the wolf—animals not generally known to take the water—are often set adrift upon the ice, and are thus blown out to sea, where they perish when the ice dissolves, if they have not previously died of starvation; and cases are known, although perhaps not recorded, in which human beings have been blown away from the land upon the ice and were never heard of. Two persons of my knowledge have disappeared in this manner from the coast of West Greenland: one of them, however, reached the opposite side of the straits, where he spent the remainder of his life among his less civilised brethren. And the ships engaged in the whaling on the west side of this strait sometimes have to discharge a deed of humanity by taking up from the drifting floes a group of natives whose avocations had proved too decoying to be safe. So much as allusion has not been made to the remains of reindeer, and the other ruminant inhabitants of these regions; for the reason that, I believe, they frequent the ice much less than the others, and consequently are much less liable to be drifted away."

We should add that several coloured lithographs, from drawings taken on the spot, make the scenery of the Polar regions intelligible to the eye, and add much to the interest and value of the volume.

*The Scenes and Adventures in the Ozark Mountains* come to us from America. Strange to say, the travels now first published were concluded thirty-four years ago. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT has taken all that time to ponder upon the propriety of printing them, although, as he informs us in his preface, portions had appeared in an American periodical, and were transferred by Sir Richard Phillips into his famous collection of Voyages and Travels published in 1821. In preparing this volume all such topics as have not a permanent and historical interest have been omitted, and the author has availed himself of subsequent remarks to correct his own journal and to supply its defects. It is to be premised that the term Ozark is applied to a broad, elevated district of highlands running from north to south, centrally through the States of Missouri and Arkansas. Through these the author rambled, and from his adventures we glean some passages which fairly exhibit the amusing character of his volume.

This is the famous

#### WHITE RIVER.

White River is one of the most beautiful and en-

chanting streams, and by far the most transparent, which discharge their waters into the Mississippi. To a width and depth which entitle it to be classed as a river of the third magnitude in Western America, it unites a current which possesses the purity of crystal, with smooth and gentle flow, and the most imposing, diversified, and delightful scenery. Objects can be clearly seen in it, through the water, at the greatest depths. Every pebble, rock, fish or shell, even the minutest body which occupies the bottom of the stream, is seen with the most perfect distinctness; and the canoe, when looking under it, seemed from the remarkable transparency of the water, to be suspended in air. The Indians observing this peculiarity, called it Unica, which is the transitive form of *white*. The French of Louisiana merely translated this term to *la Rivière au Blanc*.

Among other curiosities he passed

#### A VALLEY OF LEAVES.

We now travelled up the Ozark fork about eighteen miles. The weather was exhilarating, and the winds were careering with the leaves of the forest, and casting them in profusion in our track. As we came near the sources of the river, we entered a wide prairie, perfectly covered for miles with these leaves, brought from neighbouring forests. At every step the light masses were kicked or brushed away before us. This plain, or rather level vale, was crowned in the distance by elevations fringed with tall trees which still held some of their leafy honours, giving a very picturesque character to the landscape. I booked the scene at night in my diary, as Cliola, or the Valley of Leaves.

By a strange appearance they discovered

#### A CAVERN.

It was early, the sun not having yet risen, when we beheld before us, rising out of the ground, a column of air which appeared to be of a warmer temperature. Its appearance was like that of smoke from a chimney on a frosty morning. On reaching it, the phenomenon was found to be caused by a small orifice in the earth, from which rarefied air issued. On looking down intently, and partially excluding the light, it was seen to be a fissure in the limestone rock, with jagged, narrow sides, leading down into a cavern. I determined to try the descent, and found the opening large enough to admit my body. Feeling for a protuberance on which to rest my feet, and closely pressing the sides of the orifice, I slowly descended. My fear was that the crevice would suddenly enlarge, and let me drop. But I descended in safety. I thus let myself down directly about twenty feet, and came to the level floor of a gallery which led in several directions. The light from above was sufficient to reveal the dark outlines of a ramified cavern, and to guide my footsteps for a distance. I went as far in the largest gallery as the light cast any direct rays, but found nothing at all on the floor or walls, to reward my adventure. It was a notable fissure in a carbonate of lime, entirely dry, and without stalactites. What I most feared in these dim recesses, was some carnivorous animal, for whose residence it appeared to be well adapted. Having explored it as far as I could command any light to retrace my steps, I returned to the foot of the original orifice. I found no difficulty, by pressing on each side, in ascending to the surface, bringing along a fragment of the limestone rock.

(To be continued.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century: a Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America.* By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

The author of *Esmond*, keen in satire, rich and lustrous in humour, sharp in observation, having the rare faculty of thoroughly individualising individuals, has that in common with the humourists of any age which fits him to write of them, to reanimate them, to make them figure again before living eyes as if they were a portion of present life. Mr. THACKERAY has gratified the public, at least that portion of the public who consider humour the wine of existence, by selecting the humourists of the eighteenth century; and in his arrangement of them he has in almost every instance followed the order of their birth. We are more indebted to an epochal circumstance than to any design by Thackeray, that the series commences with lonely, scornful, revengeful Swift, and concludes with social, blundering, loveable, Goldsmith. There is a propriety in this, a fortuity which may tell in favour of the author. Those two names, the illustrious Alpha and Omega, span a most remarkable literary period; they are the farthest and most specifically removed in disposition; and nothing can be more apposite than that they should begin and conclude a remarkable book. We may even pursue the

subject a little further. We may say that there is a decided gain to an author, that there is one more ray of sunlight warming and keeping healthful the universal pulse, when a reader rises from the perusal of a book, more disposed than when he commenced the first page to forgive human failings, to look with intense gratification on the manliness of man. Every one who begins the perusal of Mr. Thackeray's lectures will go eagerly through them to the end, only halting now and then in mute wonder over some daring and dashing onslaught, on poor Swift most probably, or pausing while the heart feeds on the manna drops of pathos, which seem to have been designedly shed through the book, that the stream of railly and satire might be sweetened. Every man will so read; and, finishing with gentle and generous Goldsmith, he cannot but be in good humour with himself, because he is human—in good humour with Thackeray, because he loves Goldsmith—and in good humour with the world because it smiles over, and seems proud of, Goldsmith's very weaknesses. These lectures have lost little or nothing we think by being printed, instead of uttered with the full appliances of glance, voice, and action. They are chiefly remarkable for their distinctiveness of portraiture. There is no book extant that so immediately and completely puts the reader in possession of the dominant features of the last century wits, who grew fat—and all were fat but Pope—by drinking punch and Burgundy. The most elaborate of the portraits, the most deeply cut and strongly indented, is that of Swift. We do not say that the lineaments are altogether unlike; but are they not too hideous for a Dean, too diabolical for any clerical gentleman in sooth? Thackeray is a thorough despotic in his dealings with Swift. His eagerness to tear open the heart of the man who cringed to lords, and made Stella weep so many tears, occasionally boils over so that we take it, or mistake it, for anger. He whirls and wheels over poor Swift with the intensity of a falcon, ever and anon coming down with a grand swoop upon his enemy. His talons are so strong, his beak so pointed, that, with the Dean writhing beneath his feet, he reminds one of the vulture tearing at the liver of Prometheus. This is by no means an ill compliment to the assailor or assailed, because Swift in genius is a Prometheus (did not the lonely, spiteful man draw down fire from heaven, which blackened and blasted his very brain?) and Thackeray's scorn of Swift's servility is so grand in its fierceness, that through posterity it will tear at the vitals of the man who wished to die "like a poisoned rat in hole." "This man suffered so much, and deserved so to suffer," says Thackeray in his bitter judgment; but ever and anon we observe the sweet waters of pity flowing into the ocean of bile. We are reminded of the Dean's kindly acts, which break out of his rough nature just as sunbeams leap out of jagged clouds. We are informed that his bad sermons were free from cant, which in any age would be a rare virtue; and that after poor Stella's death his love for her bursts into flower and poetry. But why not before the gentle Stella had passed into the grave? Herein lies the mystery which Mr. Thackeray and no other writer has plainly solved. Swift's pecuniary circumstances could not have been a bar to his marriage, yet he only wedded Stella and crushed the impetuous yet faithful Vanessa, when Stella's heart was withered, and even then their marriage was a secrecy, and their conjugal life strange, foreign, and unusual. Thackeray speaks of "mysterious separation and union;" and it has been set up by other writers, that pride or ambition kept Swift from the public altar. Is there no other conclusion, no more charitable inference, to be drawn? Was there no bitter secret locked in and gnawing at the heart of Swift, which made him appear brutal to Stella, and which reduced the intellectual giant to a creature of scorn, spite, and melancholy? His rage against marriage, and especially against children, those tiny blossoms of humanity who make life an everlasting May, is withal so unnatural and unmanly, that it cannot be ascribed either to pride or ambition. It is more than probable that the turbulent life of Swift has generally been observed from an incorrect point of view. From such a point no living author can see the true workings of a past mind, and can no more sound its depths than a general on a disadvantageous eminence can control and direct safely and accurately masses of men drawn up for battle in the plain below. Thackeray's portrait of Swift is stern, bold, and cut in very marble. It does not appear wholly ungenerous,

because it wears the healthy bloom of sincerity. All the praise the lecturer can bestow without injuring public taste, or poisoning public morality, he bestows promptly, and, in many instances, lavishly. He seems to give a general, not by any means a particular, justification of Swift, by admitting that the times were lax when the Dean wrote; but then he has a decided horror of having Swift as a companion. "Would you have liked to live with him?" he asks. We cannot say that we should; but we had best quote a passage on this point, which shows Thackeray in his dashing, off-hand, and severe manner, of which he is the greatest living master:

## SWIFT NOT A SOCIALIST.

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblock—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's stair-case in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you, if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattened his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you, and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.

In speaking of Addison's usual literary compliments, Mr. Thackeray lays down a rule—and a golden rule it is—that a "great, just, and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth." By following this rule the lecturer has been best able to preserve his identity, and to sustain his great power—best able to show the personality of each of the twelve humourists he has taken for subjects. The contrasts by this process are best drawn out. We are the more surely able to understand Swift's wretched life and "lonely tyranny," Addison's enviable and beautiful existence, Gay's kindly laughter, and Goldsmith's "compassion for another's woe." From a book that will be much read, and must be popular, there is no need that we should follow the order of the lectures, but merely cull a few extracts. All Thackeray's fame and genius cannot wipe the mildew from the works, cannot burnish that huge pile of dead and dull dross, though it be laid "with patines of bright gold," which help to form the literary stock of some of the eighteenth century humourists. Here is his opinion of Congreve—the great Congreve, who did John Dryden the favour of reviewing his "*Aeneis*."

## CONGREVE'S VITALITY.

There is life and death going on in every thing: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Pshaw, and sneering. A man in life, a humourist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I daresay most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky

shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold-chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones! Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling and retreating, the cavalier seal advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—it's strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting, as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games—as Sallust and his friends and their mistresses protested—crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands, against the new, hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine, whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus, and ringing the altars of Bacchus down.

That figure of shutting the ears and looking at people dancing is exquisite,—and then, how just. We know of nothing in the language finer, the similitude is absolutely perfect. Here is another figure fearfully distinct:—

## JINT FOR A STATUE OF ADDISON.

"I sent the verses to Mr. Addison," said Pope, "and he used me very civilly ever after." No wonder he did. It was shame very likely more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes for ever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful: it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his step-son come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope, when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.

The aim of Mr. Thackeray has been to describe certain men, a mentally gigantic race of men, rather than to descant on their works. He has treated them as creatures subject to infirmities and temptation, perhaps more subject than common minds, and for their offences he deals them a gentle filip on the ear, as we might a wilful child, loving them all the better after the tender chastisement. Swift of course is an inveterate scoundrel—nothing will do for him but birch! Mr. Thackeray understands better than we can tell him that your model men of conduct, your pinks of sobriety, who have never committed a tiny fault against self-government, have rarely blessed the world with great actions. How often did Goldsmith flounder in an indiscretion, and yet only think how many poor unfriended women sat bitterly weeping on the stairs in the Temple Chamber, when the poet was dying; how many wretched pensioners came to weep over his grave. There was cause for that weeping, sad, heavy cause; and yet, ye self-righteous men, Goldsmith was "wild," as Johnson once said in sorrow not in anger! Steele had the amiable weakness of drinking too much, but Thackeray loves him none the less. Here is his familiar picture of

## STEELE.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is chivalry, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A. because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the

man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors. The misfortune regarding Steele is, that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hearsay, and certainly can't make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time; on the contrary, a far better, truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff: or it at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it mamma would scarcely be more shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of by-gone times as an excuse for my favourite, Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate than his neighbours.

There are some amusing anecdotes of Dick—the Sir Richard sound's like a burlesque—which make one smile from their oddity, and the ready mode which he had of turning the worst circumstances to his own advantage. What can be richer than Dick's ready wit, when he placed twelve bailiffs, who would pertinaciously stay in his house in Bloomsbury-square, into livery, and used them to wait at a grand dinner party which he had imprudently given. There is another good joke which Mr. Thackeray gives, and which will amuse our readers.

## AN AWKWARD STAGE FOR SIR RICHARD.

There is another amusing story which I believe that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and after a moment the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past me and my men have been a working in this theatre and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

No man enters more thoroughly into the spirit of the times about which he writes than Mr. Thackeray; no author more keenly perceives the minute externals, as well as the broad disproportions, which distinguish the reign of Queen Anne from that of Queen Victoria. Here is such a distinction, drawn with admirable detail, yet presenting a bold palpable front, like the immortal pictures of Hogarth about which the lecturer is speaking.

## A CONTRAST.

How the times have changed! The new Post-office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy train-band-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Past away prentice-boy and pretty girl! Past away tipsy train-band-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond—a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe! In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1800, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day: over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the Hercules Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilisation and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages,

what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding on omnibus roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed: many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him. To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gew-gaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane: all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the baguio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation: we see one of Walpole's members of Parliament cheered after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender: we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old Angel—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunchbacked postillion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphry Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the Centurion lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lisnahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician—it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the *Guardian*, a few years before this date, singing under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire-lane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in *King Richard*; *Macheath* and *Polly* in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldier, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate—they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford theatre; the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and with that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the *Rake's Progress* (Hogarth's picture of St. James's Palace-gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.

We are strongly tempted to quote largely from this charming book; but the author's reputation seems, like the act of Hamlet's uncle, "to thunder in the index"—to declare that we ought not to extract copiously from a work which everybody ought to buy. We take the hint by inference, only having a parting quotation or two about Goldsmith, that delightful child-man, who will be young for ever.

#### CHARACTER OF GOLDSMITH.

Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the

friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wonder he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—sings the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the Captains in the tent, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

#### HIS KINDNESS AND HIS SUFFERINGS.

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a school-usher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the goodnatured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith? Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others." Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver—the Court patronised Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne. Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill humour, but plainness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him the less amiable. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years: had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table. Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his comonest motives and actions: he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a

letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart, "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

After all that may be said in favour of this book, it is not the stately and steady column on which Thackeray's fame rests. It has many extraneous sentences, much gossip, yet gossip of the raciest and most sparkling kind. Due allowance, of course, must be given for lectures spoken to a fashionable audience. Of a lighter order of composition, and wanting the polished finish of *Esmond*, this volume has yet those alternations of wisdom, humour, sarcasm, and human kindness which distinguish that exquisite English book. There may be a diversity of opinion as to Thackeray's estimate of the wits of the eighteenth century; but, despite occasional bursts of a temper that strongly shows its loves and its dislikes—and we respect such tempers—it cannot be said that he has done his brethren injustice. Swift undoubtedly has the honour of being most castigated; and, of the batch, he most deserved it. Alas, poor Swift! Alas! that the dead Irish porcupine has no quills now to pierce the living English Thackeray!

*The Philosophical Tendencies of the Age.* By J. D. MORELL, A.M. People's Edition. London: Theobald.

*The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age.* By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Co.

THESE books, on the same theme, would be a good peg whereon to hang an article in which the only thing not spoken of is the book professed to be reviewed. But that fashion of the Quarterly Reviews cannot be followed in a Literary Journal, whose business is to give an account of new books, and not to write essays. That being our duty, it is in the present instance a brief one. Mr. Morell's volume is a reprint for popular reading, in a cheap form, of four lectures delivered by him, on Positivism, Individualism, on the Philosophy of Tradition, and on the Principle of Common Sense. These are undoubtedly important and interesting subjects, but they are not likely to be very popular, and therefore a people's edition appears to us to be not a promising speculation. Mr. Morell is, perhaps, better versed in the history of philosophy than any other man of his age, and on such questions we are sure to receive from him whatever information we may be seeking. But he is not himself a very profound philosopher, and when he attempts to set up his own views, they do not present themselves either clearly or conclusively. But these lectures are certainly, as compositions, the most readable of his writings.

Mr. Warren's little volume is likewise a printed lecture delivered to an audience at Hull. It is necessarily a mere sketch, the outline of what might be expanded into a most attractive work. He describes the present condition of the various branches of literature, and his judgments will probably divide opinion. For instance, as to poetry, he shares the popular belief that at this time it is out of fashion; not dead, but unpopular. We thought so too until experience proved the contrary. We introduced Alexander Smith's poems to the world, and because they were poetry they were recognised and read; they have gone through two editions in England, and they have been welcomed even more heartily in America. When we commenced the publication of *Beautiful Poetry*, most of our friends prophesied that it would not succeed—that we should never sell 500 copies—that nobody cared for poetry; so little indeed did we anticipate the taste for poetry that actually exists, that we printed only a small edition; but such has been the demand, so great is the unsuspected love for poetry, either lingering or reviving in our generation, all material as it was said to be, that we have been compelled twice to reprint the earlier numbers of *Beautiful Poetry*, and every day swells the number of purchasers.

Mr. Warren's volume is an elegant and even eloquent composition, and it is impossible to peruse it without being both pleased and instructed.

*The Poetry of Geography.* By P. LIVINGSTON. London: Groombridge.

This is a happy thought, and is "softly bodied forth." Mr. Livingston has gone over the globe, not barely

to catalogue names, but to collect the poetic spray which is bubbling up upon this vast earth-ocean, to show the world in its poetic point of view—in "the light which never was on sea or shore." He has, we notice, been accused of "rhapsody" by a London paper, but unjustly. All poetry, nay, all thought, if looked at from a certain cold and narrow angle, will appear rhapsodical. The proof that it is not, lies in its power to interest, inform, and excite, and that Mr. L.'s book has. We at least read it at a sitting, and a very pleasant sitting it was. Since reading *Festus's* famous tour through the earth, we have seen no better specimen of ideal geography than this little book of Mr. Livingston's. Like Puck, he "puts a girdle round about the globe," and it is a girdle of gold. Not spot that has become interesting, from its association with virtue, or valour, or genius, or religion, but is carefully commemorated. A more delightful introduction to what is too often the dry study of geography, could not have been written. He plunges the old arid planet in a deluge of delight. As we close, we feel prouder of our descent from the mighty mother, which has produced so many fair and noble men, and objects, and memories. Most cordially do we recommend this graphic "Bird's Eye View" of the world to our readers.

*The Landlord's and Tenant's Guide: a Compendium of Information for the Procuring, Occupying, and Disposing of Estates and Houses, &c.* By ALFRED COX, Estate Agent. London: published by the Author. If you want to buy land, Mr. ALFRED COX tells you how to estimate its value; what particulars you ought to take into account; what per-centages it ought to yield to you; what constitutes the difference in value of such investments, and such like.

If you are going to let a house, or to take one, he tells you likewise the terms upon which the tenancy should be negotiated; what it behoves cautious men to inquire into before they strike the bargain; the terms on which the bargain should be struck; and a great deal more, which we could not even enumerate in one of these closely-printed columns.

He even goes into household expenditure; gives all kinds of useful information as to ecclesiastical and scholastic property; exhibits the purchase-values of professions and trades; describes the suburbs of London with a view to residence; and completes a wondrous collection of useful facts with a gazetteer of England and Wales.

It is for its facts that this volume will be valued, and we ought not to look beyond them. They have been most laboriously collected; they are of unquestionable utility; and the result is most creditable to the industry and ingenuity of the compiler, and we doubt not will find extensive patronage among the numerous public to whose needs it is addressed.

*The Theory and Practice of Caste: being an Inquiry into the Effects of Caste, &c.* By B. A. IRVING, Esq., B.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The purpose of this essay is to diffuse more widely among the educated classes of this country a knowledge of native India, of which there is an extraordinary lack, as all who mingle with society and listen to after-dinner conversations on India and Indian affairs must have noticed. The ignorance of Englishmen generally of the race over whom they have been by Providence set to rule is as strange as it is discreditable. On one portion of the social institutions of India, that of caste, the most erroneous notions prevail in the public mind. Mr. Irving has set himself to the useful task of dissipating these errors, in a treatise that shows a mastery of his subject. He describes caste as it is in theory and in practice, the two being found there, as elsewhere, to be not always in accordance. He traces its effects on the political, military, and civil institutions of our Indian empire; on the social and domestic habits; on the intercourse between natives and Europeans; on the moral and religious character of the people; on the progress of Christianity, and its probable influence over the future destinies of India. All who have interested themselves in the Indian question, or who purpose to do so, should procure and read attentively this interesting and instructive little volume. It is by far the best treatise on the subject we have ever seen.

*China, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical; with some account of Ava and the Burmese, Siam and Assam.* London: Bohn.

WERE it not for the intensity of eagerness with which the public eye is fixed upon Turkey, fearful lest it should become the prey of Russia, and the war prophesied by Napoleon be actually begun—not to end till after this generation has passed away, the rebellion in China would have commanded the serious attention of Europe. Nevertheless it is an event big with importance, and however it may; for if the rebels succeed, there will be a new policy towards "the outer barbarians," and if the present Emperor should hold his own, he will make larger concessions to the great powers of Europe and America, by way of consolidating a support which may serve him in time

of need. The new volume of Mr. Bohn's *Illustrated Library* is appropriately devoted to that Empire, now in the throes of a revolution. The earlier portion of it was written by Miss CORNER, whose skill in narration is probably familiar to most of our readers. Her work has been carefully revised, and the remainder furnished, by a gentleman, not named, who has devoted much time to the study of China and the Indo-Chinese nations. It is thus the most complete account to be procured of that interesting portion of the globe, and its value is enhanced by the introduction of no less than one hundred illustrative engravings; and the price of the whole is so trifling, that it is marvellous how the enterprising publisher can be repaid. The reader who desires to know that price must turn to the advertisement. We cannot name it here without being liable to duty.

*The Alphabet annotated for Youth and Adults.* By an Old Etonian. London: Ackermann and Co.

The writer of this doggerel has undertaken "to improve the language of his countrymen and country-women of every grade of life," which he endeavours to do, partly by satire upon mispronunciations, partly by putting into loose rhymes the recognised rules of pronunciation. Of the writing we cannot say a word in approval. It has neither wit nor wisdom in it. But the profuse illustrations, by Mr. George W. Terry, are admirable. Clever things have never appeared in *Punch* than the outline groups that margin each page of poor poetry. Whether for design or execution, these drawings are extraordinary. They teem with humour; they are sketched with a true artist's power of expression; and many of them are palpable hits at public characters, likenesses that you recognise at a glance. Pity that such talent in the artist should be associated with such a lack of it on the part of the writer. But the buyer will probably forgive the one for the sake of the other. He is not obliged to read; he can enjoy the engravings without the text.

*The Three Colonies of Australia, their Pastures, Copper Mines, and Gold Fields.* By SAMUEL SIDNEY.

Second Edition. Ingram and Co.

We are not surprised that this volume, so crowded with information of the utmost moment to all who contemplate emigration, should already have passed into a second edition. We notice it again, only to state that it has received many improvements. All the subsequent intelligence has been carefully collected, and inserted in its proper place. Some unavoidable errors have been corrected; and manifestly no pains have been spared to obtain from the most authentic sources, the safest and soundest instructions as to the state of the three settlements, as to the wants of emigrants, as to their difficulties, and how to prepare for them, the prospects of fortune in the land of gold, and the various openings that offer themselves to industry. The volume is illustrated with many engravings.

A SECOND edition has just issued of a work which ought to be in the hands of young and old, and which arrives most seasonably to be a holiday gift or a school prize. It is entitled *The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspere*, and in it the Rev. THOMAS PRICE has collected all the best things Shakspere wrote on every subject, classified under the broad divisions of Moral Philosophy, Delineations of Character, Paintings of Nature, Aphorisms, and Miscellaneous. It is by far the best work of the kind we have ever seen.—A little volume which we take up from the heap piled upon our table is entitled *Essays on some of the Forms of Literature*, by THOMAS T. LYNN. It contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered by the author at the Manchester Institution. The subjects treated of are—Poetry, its sources and influence; Biography, Autobiography, and History; Fictions and Imaginative Prose; and Criticism and Writings of the day. Mr. Lynch has formed a singularly accurate estimate of the worth of modern literature; he recognises it many excellencies, and he is not blind to its many and great defects. Against these latter he warns his readers eloquently and emphatically; and all who contemplate composition (and who, nowadays, does not?) should read and profit by his teachings.—*Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott* is a little volume minutely describing the residence of the author of *Waverley*, and all around and connected with it. The author informs us that he was "honoured with the notice of Sir Walter Scott," and had been "accustomed to make notes of whatever transpired, either in my own hearing and presence or otherwise gathered from those who had easy access to Abbotsford." We are bound, however, to state that the notes thus taken were not worth the keeping, still less the printing. The descriptive portions of the work are interesting to visitors, who might usually carry it with them.—*The History of Uncle Tom's Countrymen* is a description of the sufferings of the slaves in their capture and conveyance across the ocean, with engravings of a slave-ship, which convey a terrible idea of the tortures to which they are subjected.—*Uncle Tom at Home* is a review of the American reviewers of Mrs. Stowe, by F. C. ADAMS.

It lashes them well.—A Mr. CRELLIN, a passenger in the *Australia*, has sent us some *Practical Hints to intending Emigrants*, which they would do well to take, as the suggestions are the result of a painful experience.

—*Foreign Chaplaincies* are treated of in three letters addressed to the Bishop of London from the Congregation of Madeira. They urge the necessity of missions.—The *India Reform Tracts* are issued in quick succession. "Public Works" is the subject of the eighth of them.—CARLYLE's clever, but eccentric and unsound, essay on *The Nigger Question* has been reprinted in a pamphlet, as a sort of set-off, we suppose, against the Uncle Tom mania. But anything from his pen is amusing and worth reading; and this is not his least vigorous work.—A pamphlet on *The Eastern Question*, by AN INQUIRER, opposes the continued preservation of the Turkish empire, and proposes as a substitute the construction of a Greek Empire. This would prevent a fight for the prize among the Western nations; but persons well acquainted with Turks and Greeks say that the former are by far the best of the two, and that a Greek Empire would be a great mischief.—Mr. BUCKLEY has published a volume on the *Great Cities of the Middle Ages*, which, topographically and historically, might have made a most interesting and instructive book. But the author has contrived to produce a singularly heavy one, made up of a collection of gatherings from travellers and historians, strung together with a few commonplace remarks of his own.—Bohn's *Standard Library* has just presented to its subscribers the fifth volume of *Milton's Prose Works*, the grandest compositions in our language. It contains the conclusion of the Posthumous Treatise on the Christian Doctrine; the History of Britain; the History of Moscovia; and, most valuable of all, a copious index to the five volumes. These indexes are a novel and useful feature in Bohn's Libraries.—Messrs. Chapman and Hall have introduced into their series of *Readings for Travellers*, CARLYLE's "Essay on Dr. Johnson." We hope that in this manner the various miscellaneous papers of that great and original writer will be given to the world, at prices which will make them accessible to all readers.—The first volume of *Diogenes*, the rival of *Punch*, has been completed, and is before us, handsomely bound in green and gold. We have made mention of it during its weekly publication. In its collected shape it is an ornament to the drawing-room table.—*The Public School Matches and those we meet there*, by A WYKEHAMIST, will amuse the cricketers by its good-humoured satire. But there is more fun in the engravings than in the text: the artist's pencil has beaten his pen—if, indeed, they are the production of the same hand. It will be bought more for the former than for the latter.—The Rev. G. S. MORRIS, formerly a chaplain in Van Dieman's Land, has sent us a pamphlet on *Convicts and Colonies*. He is opposed to the system of transportation, which is about to be abolished, and his argument is founded upon his own experience of its unfitness for its professed object, and the injury it inflicts upon the colonies.—Another brochure by "the Wykehamist," similar to that noticed above, is entitled *Paddy Land and Lakes of Killarney*. The same remarks apply to it, with this difference, that the present is a more serious production. The engravings are clever sketches of scenery, and the text, though aping "the funny," that most odious of all styles, conveys a good deal of information.—"A Clergyman of the Church of England" has claimed for the working man a country holiday on Sunday, in a pamphlet entitled *Much Ado about Nothing*. It puts well the arguments on one side.—A translation into French of the famous "Letters of an Englishman," has just issued from the press. Even the original would not have met with the same welcome now, and it is not probable that the translation will be a prosperous one.

—Mr. COLLINS has sent us a neat map of the Encampment at Chobham, fitted for the pocket. Visitors require one.—Right welcome to all lovers of pure, vigorous English writing will be the new edition of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. The fame of this work grows with years, and having become a classic, everybody must possess it;—and, being a delightful book, everybody will read it.—A little volume, entitled *Memoirs of a Stomach*, seems to be designed to teach, in the form of a satire, the duty of properly treating that important organ, by carefully avoiding the giving of it too much to do. But the humour is rather too far-fetched and overstrained.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE *Westminster Review* loses none of its vigour, and is learning prudence with success. It is certainly refreshing to turn from the ponderous pedantry of the *Edinburgh* and the gossiping anilities of the *Quarterly* to the young life and new-world ideas of the *Westminster*. We do not like either its theology or its politics; but in candour we must admit that it maintains them with fair argument, with unusual ability and skill, and without resorting to the weapons of abuse and ridicule. The new number is full of interest. The first article treats of John Knox, of whose life and preaching there is a most graphic sketch by a congenial pen. "Over-Legislation" is a

theme not uncalled for even now, when it is still a popular belief that law can cure every evil. Wise men know that the fewer laws the better, and that attempts to regulate society by law frequently make more evils than they cure. A genial paper on "Pedigree and Heraldry" carries the reader back, not disagreeably, to past times; from which he is again hurried to consider the much-vexed question of "Sects and Secular Education," and the scarcely less perplexing one of "Young Criminals." The "Life of Moore" is now somewhat stale, and "India" will be voted tiresome. But "Balzac and his Writings" will be eagerly devoured; and the concluding essay, on the "Turkish Empire," treats fully and instructively a question on which all have yet a great deal to learn.

Another quarterly, of less varied attractions, but perhaps of more practical utility, next claims attention. The thirty-first number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England* treats of farming as a science, and gives the fullest information on such topics as "Farming in Derbyshire;" "The Production of Butter," which every farmer should read, for its instruction might be turned to practical account; "Cropping and Cultivating Light Land;" "The Geology of the Keythorpe Estate;" a curious paper on "Hereditary Diseases of Horses;" divers Reports on Drainage; the treatment of Flax, both agricultural and technical; Sheep-breeding; the results of Inoculation for the pleuro-pneumonia in cattle, &c. Of course, every cultivator of the land who can read will read this *Journal*.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for July contains "Lady Lee's Widowhood," the authorship of which is a mystery. It is the product of an accomplished pen, yet do we know of no living author who combines so many beauties. Weiss's "History of the French Protestant Refugees," is an analysis of a book that has a profounder interest, and which is not without its lessons for us, who seem to be threatened with a revival of the power of the same foe to liberty. "Paris Theatricals" is one of those pleasant papers on French Art and Literature for which Blackwood has long been famous. We recognise the hand of "The Sketcher," in the article on "The Fine Arts and the Public Taste in 1850." "Gold and Emigration" is the political paper, which however, is not worthy of its place and its company. Mr. Francis's work on "Life Assurance," and the "Memoir of the late Marquis of Londonderry," are the other books reviewed, after *Blackwood's* amusing plan of analysis.

*Sharpe's London Magazine* is now edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and consequently very much improved. It contains two steel engravings, and its list of contributors displays many names of note; but of none are the writings so pleasing as those of the accomplished editor. Her "Helen Lyndsay," now publishing in these pages, is one of her best novels.

The Thirty-third Part of *Tomlinson's Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts* advances to the word "Sculpture." It

abounds with illustrative engravings, which always add so greatly to the practical utility of such a work as this.

The *Art Journal* for July presents its readers with the conclusion of the "Illustrated Catalogue of the Dublin Exhibition, and which contains several hundred woodcuts of extraordinary beauty. This is in addition to its usual valuable variety of contents—its two engravings from the Vernon Gallery, viz. Gainsborough's "Musidora," and "The Sepulchre," by Etty; with illustrated papers on the "Domestic Manners of the English during the Middle Ages," &c. and the progress of art everywhere.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July continues Mr. Wright's "Wanderings of an Antiquary, with engravings, and produces a political caricature of the time of Charles I., besides its wonted memoirs and historical records, which give it permanent value.

The *Scottish Review* is a cheap quarterly journal of social progress—in fact, a temperance advocate, having some able contributors, such as the author of the paper on "Juvenile Delinquents."

Mr. Parker's *National Miscellany* exhibits slight improvements; but then it is not what its title imports. The greater portion of it is not national, as, witness the articles—"A Trip to Leipsic Fair;" "Modern Spanish Poetry;" and "French Art." A magazine, to be successful, must have a character of its own.

The new number of Mr. J. Chapman's *Library for the People* contains an interesting essay, by Mr. F. W. Newman, on "The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own liege subjects," in which the sins of Austria against Hungary are exposed and denounced with a vehemence that smacks more of the orator than the historian.

The new part of Messrs. Ingram and Co.'s *Universal Library* contains Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" complete for a shilling.

The first number of a new magazine, entitled the *British Journal*, is before us. It seems to promise well, for it occupies its own ground, being mainly devoted to social questions. The best paper is by Mr. Angus Reach, on the "Musical Season of 1853." But a first number is seldom a test of what a new periodical will be.

The *Ladies' Companion* has passed into a new editorship, Mrs. Croxton having retired; but many of her contributors remain, and there is no apparent change in the character of the contents.

The *Farmers' Magazine* collects all the scattered information of the month, and embellishes it with engravings of a Suffolk horse and a long-wooled sheep.

The *True Briton* is very cheap, but not very good. How could it be; for what writers could be retained upon it?

The *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* for July is something more than a journal of Freemasonry. It is a magazine of polite literature, having articles for the

general reader, and contributors who cannot be freemasons—such as Miss Pardoe. As a mass of masonic news, it must be very interesting to "brothers."

Messrs. Addey's child's magazine, *The Charm*, continues to attract by its multitude of engravings. Their *Picture Pleasure Book*, is a "young people's" album, a gathering together of hundreds of first-rate woodcuts. Children do enjoy it, as we can testify.

The *Poultry Book*, published by Messrs. Orr, ministers to the present mania for cocks and hens, by giving the amplest instructions as to breeds and feeds, with fine coloured engravings from drawings by Harrison Weir.

*Hogg's Instructor* appears in its new and more dignified form, as a monthly. It is printed precisely like *Blackwood*, and contains almost as much reading. But, instead of a few long papers, it gives a number of short ones—these, however, being of considerable merit—and it numbers among its contributors some good names, as Gilfillan, Aird, De Quincey, &c. We hope it will be more successful in its new form than in its old one—a good and cheap monthly magazine is a desideratum. But great care must be taken not to sacrifice substance to variety. Articles appropriately brief for a weekly sheet may be too short for a monthly one. There is room for improvement in this respect.

Forbes Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for July increases in interest and worth, as it advances in years. It is the only periodical in England exclusively devoted to Mental Pathology, and therefore deserves to be strenuously supported by all who make a study of that most useful of all the sciences. The new Part has some attractive papers, foremost of which we would place a novel and curious one entitled "The Dietetics of the Soul." "Habit, phrenologically considered," is another instructive essay, that ably analyses a feature of the human mind of which sufficient account is not taken either by philosophers or statesmen. "Insanity in India" is a statistical contribution of great value; and a review of Mr. Morell's "Elements of Psychology" deals carefully with a book that is not likely to be read so extensively as it ought to be.

The new number of Ingram and Cooke's *Universal Library* contains "Michelet's Life of Luther" complete for a few pence.

The Nineteenth Part of the *Portrait Gallery*, presents large portraits engraved on steel of Burke, Cowper, Washington, and four others.

The *Home Companion*, in its new and improved form, is a good collection of wholesome reading for families.

The Seventh part of *Reynard the Fox*, translated from the German, is very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Wolf.

Macphail's *Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal* is a review of small price, published in Edinburgh. It seems to have attained to some age; but we cannot quite understand why.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

GOETHE'S house at Weimar is one of the showplaces of that region of Germany; all through the year the German "Literary Pilgrim" of every grade, from the Prince and Princess to the enthusiastic student and burgher-maiden, flocks to it, as readers from every clime flock to Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon. The great poet's mansion is carefully preserved, outside and inside, in the dignified simplicity which it presented while yet he tenanted it. There are the last books he read; with that pen, and with ink from that inkstand, he wrote the closing scenes of the second part of *Faust*; this was his favourite chair; yonder are the busts he loved to gaze on! Something of the same hero-worship has, if we remember rightly, kept in a similar manner the Weimar residence of Schiller sacred to the memory of its great denizen; and now at last we learn that German "pietät" is doing for Jean Paul Richter's terrestrial home what it did long ago for those of his two mighty compatriots and contemporaries. His little house at Bayreuth, "Bayreuth, which is my home on this side the grave," is being furbished up by the tardy munificence of some of his admirers. The dingy walls are to be repainted; one of his huge paper-collectanea is to be deposited in the sitting-room; and a "magnificent album" shall stand open perpetually to receive the signatures of hero-worshipping visitors, who are not likely to fail in quantity. For, indeed, after all that has been and may be said in favour of Goethe's and Schiller's superior gifts, and in spite of all the exceptions that may be taken to Jean Paul's style and

tendency, there was nobly developed in him an important element of manhood which had either lain undeveloped in those other two celebrated men, or did not exist in them at all to any appreciable degree. Surely Goethe and Schiller were both of them "good-hearted" persons (for was there ever a great head without a good heart?)—and yet—we often turn away with a kind of tedium from their enthusiasms about ideal and imaginary personages, their rapturous dialogues in their art-gallery about cold marble forms, to enjoy the tropic heat of Jean Paul's all-embracing love—although, indeed, a love which may foster poisonous plants and reptiles into the deadliest activity, while it quickens the general world of animated nature as a whole into luxuriant and magnificent beauty. And now too, when for many reasons—some good, some bad—the minds of men are being wonderfully and fearfully directed to regions of the supernatural and supermundane, Jean Paul's "thoughts that wandered through eternity," will have a charm and a value for a large though special class of persons, who can find no response for their highest aspirations within the artistically-defined limits of the visible or intellectually-conceivable world, which was enough for Goethe and Schiller.

Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter address themselves to persons in a state of cultivated comfort, purely domestic susceptibility and meditative ease; very different from them and from that audience are the audacious ultra-Hegelians, and the audacious minds who listen to and are influenced by their teachings. Foremost among

these ultra-Hegelian preachers of "absolute freedom," intellectual, moral, religious, practical, political, and social—who have made their master's name a byword and reproach—stands Bruno Bauer; and he has just brought forth a work on one aspect of the great European question of the time, entitled *Russia and Germandom* ("Russland und das Germanerthum"), from which it seems as if ultra-Hegelianism had reached its furthest possible development, and was about to convert itself into a new and very singular entity. With a profound contempt for the positive-old, and a professed enthusiasm for the negative-new, this German ultra-progressionist fixes all his hopes on the sword of Russia! With contemptuous heartiness he paints the corpse-like corruption into which, as he thinks, all Western Europe has fallen; and the only recent occurrence there that meets with his approval is the *coup-d'état* of the 2nd December, because it was a *coup-de-grace* to what he styles "the absurd theory" of the "government of capacities"—intellectual gentlemen like Messrs. Guizot, Lamartine, Thiers, and company. We in England are accustomed to consider ourselves pretty prosperous and pretty safe; but in our prosperity and tranquillity Bauer can see nothing but the presage of a coming and tremendous conflict between royalty and democracy—a struggle, according to him, foreseen both by Whig and Tory, who, with a view to it, and not to domestic self-defence, combined, he considers, to pass the famed Militia Bill. But when he turns to Eastern Europe, then all appears *couleur-de-rose*. What strikes us as iron rigidity in the Russian despotism, is to Bauer a series of

beautifully-simple developments, in which the patriarchal system serves as a groundwork to the communistic, and that again to the autocratico-theocratic. He has evidently read with sympathy the latest volume of Haxthausen's work on Russia, recently introduced by us to our readers, and which is to form, we observe, the subject of an article in the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Review*. Curious! the Prussian Baron, with his conservative, feudal and monarchical tendencies, unites in admiration for the institutions of Russia contrasted with those of Western Europe—united with the ultra-destructive, ultra-negative speculator! Certainly, of the two, the Baron is the more self-consistent. The sword of despotic Russia might preserve "order" in a revolutionary continent; but how it could favour Bauer's views would puzzle us to discover; were it not that we are reminded of the old proverb, "extremes meet." There seems to pervade Bauer's lucubration a vaguely and indistinctly-expressed, but still unmistakeable, belief that the wished-for "sword of Russia" will preserve physical and social order, solely to allow intellectual disorder all the more securely to do its work, until the old ideas have been completely expelled by the new from the general European mind—and then—only Herr Bauer knows!

While the Bauers, Feuerbachs and Strauss are carrying on their work as the extreme left of a negative and destructive opposition, there is no lack of activity on the ministerial benches and on the part of the extreme right—an ingenious and industrious but purely historical member of which is a certain M. Amedee Fleury of Paris, who has lately published a book on Saint Paul and Seneca; being an inquiry into the relations that existed between the philosopher and the apostle (*Saint Paul et Sénèque; Recherches sur les Rapports du Philosophe avec l'Apôtre*). The quiet confidence and dogmatism of M. Fleury are only inferior to the research and ingenuity which he displays in maintaining the astounding thesis that Seneca was a personal pupil and disciple of St. Paul's; that the tutor of Nero was a good Catholic, believing in the Trinity, receiving the Eucharist, and well founded in the doctrines of Purgatory and of the Last Judgment! The perfect honesty and good faith and the extensive erudition with which M. Fleury goes through his self-chosen and most original task, secure him from the ridicule with which he would otherwise be overwhelmed in his frantic attempt to build a large inter-biographical theory out of the vague expression of St. Jerome, to the effect that there existed a tradition of an epistolary correspondence between Paul and Seneca. Gallois's refusal to deal harshly with the apostle on the celebrated occasion mentioned in Scripture is ascribed to the direct interference and influence of Seneca:—*ex uno disco omnia!* Where the author appears to least advantage, and where his treatment of the subject has a look of disingenuousness, is in the portion of the work that attempts to piece together out of Seneca's writings a complete system of Christian doctrine—at what a cost of straining and twisting insignificant expressions, and with how much concealment of opposite proofs, those who know Seneca's writings may easily imagine.

M. Auguste Bernard has devoted a volume, entitled *The Origin and First Appearances of Printing in Europe* ("De l'Origine et des Débuts de l'Imprimerie en Europe"), to the assertion of the less serious but scarcely less disputable paradox than that defended by M. Fleury, namely, that the Dutch were the real inventors of printing in Europe—and one which has been satisfactorily disposed of in the *Athenaeum Français*, by M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, a member of the most distinguished family of publishers and printers that France has produced. From the same journal we take a slight but interesting sketch from Lamartine's pen, of the famous Count Joseph de Maistre, whose memoirs we have already brought cursorily under the notice of our readers,—mémoirs, by the way, which served as the basis of an article on their subject in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, from the same pen to which our contemporary, the *Athenaeum*, is occasionally indebted for its Parisian intelligence. After an amusing description of De Maistre's two uncles resident at Chambéry, Lamartine proceeds:

It was at another epoch that I there became acquainted with Count Joseph de Maistre, the oldest of all his brothers, the Levi of that tribe. I heard from his own lips, the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, before they were published. The friends and the enemies of his philosophy were equally slow to understand the man

under the disguise of the writer. Count de Maistre was a man of considerable stature, with a fine masculine and military countenance; with a high and open brow, on which floated, like the wrecked fragments of a crown, some fine silvery locks. His eye was quick, transparent, and frank in its expression; his bearing exhibited the dignity that belonged to his rank, his intellect, his age. It was impossible to see him without being struck, without suspecting that one was in the presence of something great. Leaving his native mountains at an early age, he at first resided at Turin; thence vicissitudes had thrown him to the island of Sardinia, and thence to Russia, without his having traversed France, England, or Germany. From his youth upwards he had been morally without a country; he knew nothing but through books, and of them he had read but few. Thence his wonderful eccentricity of thought and style. His was an uncultivated, but a great soul; an unpolished, but a vast intelligence; a rude, but vigorous style. Thus surrendered, as he was, to himself, his philosophy was but the theoretical form of his religious instincts. The holy passions of his mind had been converted into belief. He had made dogmas of his prejudices. All his philosophy lay in that. In him, the writer was much above the thinker; and the man higher than both. His faith, to which he too often gave a sophistical clothing, and the attitude of reason-defying paradox, was sincere, sublime, fruitful in his life. His was an antique virtue, or rather, a virtue rude and strongly-marked, like that Moses of Michael Angelo, which still shows the imprint of the chisel that blocked it out. Beneath the forms of the man you still discern the rock. His genius was too gigantesque; but it was grandly proportioned. This is why M. de Maistre is popular. More harmonious and more perfect, he would have been less pleasing to the crowd, which never looks close. He is an Alpine Bossuet.

The despotically-governed country which gave a pension to Rousseau's Madame de Warens, and produced the fierce Alfieri and the fierce De Maistre, is now a part of the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia—the hope of all constitutional Italians, and, as they fondly dream, the nucleus of a coming Kingdom of Northern Italy, to be washed on the east by the Adriatic. Literature, in such a country and at such a time, is naturally, for the most part, practical and political, though not without some striking exceptions, such as that of the artist, author, statesman, our recent visitor the Marquis d'Azezio. One of D'Azezio's former colleagues, the Sardinian ex-Minister of Justice, Count Sclopis, has recently published a professedly historical work, in which, however, it is not difficult to detect a political aim, especially when it is taken in connection with the recent visit of the Duke of Genoa to this country:—*On the Political Relations between the Dynasty of Savoy, and the British Government: Historical Researches*. By F. Scoples. With an appendix of unpublished documents ("Delle Relazioni Politiche tra la Dinastia di Savoia," &c.) Beginning with the earliest connection in the way of commercial treaties between the Plantagenet Kings of England and the Dukes of Savoy, the disquisition expands as it proceeds into a history of the perpetual struggle of Savoy against its powerful French neighbour, interspersed with criticisms on the characters of its Princes, and its whole international relations with the general European system. The drift of the work is to show that an annexation of Lombardy to what is now the Kingdom of Sardinia is by no means a project of yesterday, but has emerged repeatedly in the diplomatic discussions of the last hundred years respecting the balance of power in Europe. What Prussia is to Germany, that Sardinia is to Italy; and, to judge from present appearances, great political and territorial developments of both are to be expected at no distant date.

From the United States, we learn that the useful *Index to Periodical Literature*, by Mr. Poole, the librarian of the Boston (Mass.) *Athenaeum*, and which we long ago announced to be in preparation, is in the press, and will be published immediately. Such a work has been long a desideratum. Every reader of periodical literature, of reviews and magazines, must often have occasion to refer to valuable articles, the subjects of which he remembers while forgetting their precise locale, and Mr. Poole's Index will enable him to find them easily again. Moreover, the number of literary memoirs and biographies which have appeared during the last quarter of a century, afford large, but widely-scattered, material for an index to the authorship of the best papers which have enriched our periodical literature, and Mr. Poole, with great industry, has availed himself of that resource. His work, though unpublished, has formed the subject of a

prematurely ill-natured and depreciatory criticism in the *Athenaeum*,—a criticism which we suspect will turn out to be due to the slight notice which Mr. Poole has thought fit to take of the lucubrations of our contemporary.

New England Transcendentalism appears to be dying out, or to be assuming an embodiment different from its old one of mystical and high-soaring disquisition. Margaret Fuller is dead; Theodore Parker is betaking himself to practical aims,—and of the Peabodies, young Channing, and Thoreau, we now hear little or nothing. Emerson alone survives in the old state of transcendental activity—or passivity; although, indeed, his new work, *Notes on Europe*, is to be of a descriptive rather than of a reflective character. About to be published in this country, previously to appearing in its author's own, it will convey the impressions which we and our French neighbours made upon the serene sage of Concord during the Revolutionary year of 1848.

## FRANCE.

*Les Femmes. Par ALPHONSE KARR. Paris : Michel Lévy Frères.*

M. Karr, having made up his mind to write an entertaining book all about the ladies, is too much of a feuilletonist to fail. We do not quite like the manner in which the subject is spun out; and our readers will smile when they are told that, after careful computation, we find that out of three hundred and fifty pages upwards of one hundred are blank; but for all this *Les Femmes* are, as they always are, very good fun for an hour or two.

M. Karr by no means makes himself a *chevalier des dames*, nor is he a misogynist; he is a feuilletonist, pure and simple: that is to say, he writes whatever comes to the point of his pen that is in relation to the subject, whether it affect the one side or the other. None but a woman could write a perfectly true book about her own sex, and she would not, because she dare not. *The fox is a cunning creature, but a woman is more cunning than a fox*, is an old Spanish proverb; and the deepest and most experienced of men sinks into nothingness when he comes to measure his tact and his wit against the simplest girl. How, then, shall a man write a perfect monograph about *Les Femmes*?

Still M. Karr gives one or two useful little lessons, by which many a lady may profit. Here is one.

"Tis a terrible position that of a husband. All that he gives his wife, he *ought* to give her; all that he has in the world is as much hers as his, and he never can seem generous in the eyes of his wife. Clotilde has a husband and a lover. Her husband has no fortune, and she brought him none; but by dint of hard work, industry, and self-denial, he has achieved an important position in a commercial house. Contrast the positions of the husband and the wife. The husband toils; he sells his time and his life; he is at his desk in the morning, and does not leave it till it is night. *Sedet aeternaque sedebit iufelix*. The wife is her own mistress; she gets up when she likes; she has nothing to do but to select her amusements; she is a rich woman, and her husband only a workman. She has three hundred and sixty-five days at her command; the husband has only fifty-two Sundays, and his evenings, and even these are not his own. What reproaches are not heaped upon him if he refuse to accompany his wife to the theatre! Let him say that he is sleepy—he, poor fellow, who has got up at six o'clock in the morning and has borne the burden in the heat of the day—and he will be overwhelmed with sarcasms: for there are two things which women never pardon, sleep and business. But this is not all. Clotilde's husband earns many thousand francs a year; and with these he pays rent and taxes, servants, the tradespeople, Clotilde's toilette, the children's dress, &c. &c. The husband has a coat, and he wears it out; a hat lasts him a year; he travels on foot, or by omnibus, except when he takes Clotilde out; but all this Clotilde makes nothing of—it is his duty; to act otherwise would be monstrous. Now the lover is rich, and sufficiently intimate with the family to offer a present now and then. Last winter he gave a shawl, which cost him a thousand francs; in the spring a dressing case, costing some eight hundred more; on New Year's-day there came a coach-full of toys for the eldest boy, estimated at least at a hundred francs; he gave fifty to the kitchen-maid and fifty to the waiting-maid; but the husband has *only* given necessaries, merely useful matters; how poor he seems by comparison: M—— is the most generous of men; how mean and stingy is the husband when weighed against him!"

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c

## POPULAR MEDICINE.

## THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

## I. NEW BOOKS.

*On Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgia; as affecting the Head and Ear; with Remarks on some forms of Headache in connection with Deafness*, by WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. &c. London: Renshaw.—The design of this work (as the author announces in the preface), is "to trace the relations existing between the ear and its appendages, and those gouty, rheumatic, and neuralgic disorders which often complicate, sometimes cause, and too often protract indefinitely, that most afflictive condition—partial or total deafness." It was once thought that when any bodily faculty or function was at fault, the organ pertaining to the function in question was in fault also—that a blind man must needs have a faulty eye, a lame man a faulty limb, and a deaf man a faulty ear; but it has been long ago proved that blindness may be caused by something wrong in the stomach or the brain; that lameness may be the consequence of hysteria, the lame limb being sound; and Mr. Harvey (whose opportunities of observing the diseases of the ear are probably equalled by no surgeon in this country), has abundantly shown in this treatise, not only that a sound ear may be a deaf one, but that a large majority of deaf persons who have been believed to be the victims of incurable organic disease of the ear, have been only *sympathetically* deaf; and that when the disorder of the constitution has been rectified by suitable remedies, the hearing has been restored. The author modestly avows in his preface, that "he will be rewarded for publishing the results of his experience if, in the words of Sir W. Temple, 'though he may not have been able to inform men more than they know, he may yet have given them occasion to consider more than they do.'" There is, however, rather more in this volume than was known to the profession before it was published; and that which was known as general truth, admitted but practically ignored, has been by Mr. Harvey lighted up into practical utility. He has brought home the doctrine of morbid sympathies to the ear; and frequently without exercising the art of surgery, but simply by medical treatment, he has restored the often long-lost hearing to the patient. Other medical men could have done it, doubtless, but they did not do it; and it does not seem to have occurred to the profession that it could be done. The work is divided into sections, in which the subjects of "Rheumatism," "Neuralgia," "Chronic Headache," "Periodical Headache," "Gouty Headache," "Gouty Inflammation of the Ear," and the connexion of these various diseases with each other and with the function of hearing, are skilfully and practically discussed. The manner in which these subjects are treated clearly reveals that Mr. Harvey is not a mere *aurist*, but a thoughtful and experienced practitioner of medicine, bringing his talents in this capacity to bear upon the matter in hand. This is as it should be. The difference between our men of science and our empirical pretenders is, chiefly, that the one applies the long-established principles of medicine to objects and purposes more or less new and important; whereas the other, in his ignorance, finds it more easy to repudiate these principles, and to affect the discovery of novel theories, which are either contrary to common sense or opposed to the experience of all mankind. We can cordially commend Mr. Harvey's work to all whom it may interest or concern.

## II. EPIDEMICS.

*Measles*.—This disease is at present very prevalent in London and some of the suburbs. The epidemic is of a mild character; but, from the severity of the season, the children of the poor frequently have a tedious and imperfect convalescence. The eruption is in general very profuse, and the fever slight.

*Furunculoid Epidemic: appearance of Acute Pemphigus*.—The epidemic of carbuncles is still raging in London, and has been more fatal during the last month than at any previous period, except in the month of September last year, in which were registered ten deaths. In January, 1853, nine deaths were registered, three of which occurred in the last week of the month. In one of these, the patient, a lady of thirty-nine, survived with a succession of carbuncles for five months, during the last five weeks of which they became complicated with whitlow and abscesses, under which she sank. In several instances the disease has of late commenced with vesications; and it is also remarkable that two or more deaths have recently occurred from *pemphigus*, which, in its acute form, is extremely rare in this country. In its malignant form it is a horrible disease, more dangerous than small-pox, and quite as repulsive and distressing. The type is low, and the serum in the vesicles speedily assumes a putrid condition, and

exhibits a dark colour. The pulse is frequent and feeble, and the mucous membranes often participate in the disease, and discharge an offensive mucopurulent fluid.

## III. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

*Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Dean-street, Soho*.—A sermon was preached on Sunday last, in aid of the funds of this institution, at St. Peter's Pimlico, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. At the conclusion of his discourse the Right Rev. Prelate most earnestly and powerfully advocated the claims of the dispensary, and entreated a liberal contribution to its funds. To show that the institution was highly deserving of public support, his Lordship stated that, during the past year, 1388 patients had been admitted; of which number 559 had been discharged cured, and several hundreds materially relieved. His Lordship's eloquent appeal produced a sum, in aid of the funds, amounting to £52. 1s. 9d., which was collected at the doors. It appears that the present state of the finances of the institution is very inadequate to the increasing demands on the funds, arising from the great influx of patients, whom the reputation of the dispensary has attracted.

*A new Hospital for Children in Paris*.—The Empress of the French has expressed a wish that a second hospital for sick children should be erected in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a very populous eastern district of Paris. The original hospital for children is situated in the Rue de Sèvres, at the south-western extremity of the town, and does not afford sufficient accommodation, though containing 626 beds. The new institution is to be constructed near the St. Antoine Hospital, and to start with 200 beds.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

## MUSCULAR FORCE.

**TABLE-TURNING.**—In the *Times* newspaper for the 30th ult. there appeared a letter from Dr. FARADAY respecting this absurd mania, which—imported, it would seem, like Mormonism, spirit-rappings, and other monstrous delusions, originally from the United States—has spread over the enlightened and educated (?) countries of continental Europe, and also infected this kingdom, with a rapidity and universality unequalled by any mere physical epidemic. In that letter, the Professor intimated his intention of placing the details of some experiments he has instituted, and the conclusions inevitably resulting from these experiments, before the public in the pages of the *Athenaeum* for the following Saturday; a communication I shall now endeavour to condense, so far as this can be effected, without rendering the explanation obscure. It is only right to quote Faraday's own words, giving his reasons for devoting himself to this investigation, doubtless to his own vexation and annoyance at having his attention occupied by such trivialities, but by so doing he has acted the part of a good citizen, and stood in the breach; for his lucid explanation of the causes, on the one hand, and the weight of his authority on the other, will not only arrest the onward march of this latest folly, but, it is to be hoped, prevent the further spread of still greater and more mischievous delusions. "I should," he writes in the *Times*, "be sorry that you should suppose I thought this investigation necessary on my own account, for my conclusion respecting its nature was soon arrived at, and is not changed; but I have been so often misquoted, and applications to me for an opinion are so numerous, that I hoped, if I enabled myself to give a strong one, you would consent to convey it to all persons interested in the matter." I now turn to the *Athenaeum*. The nature of the proof required, and the methods of inquiry followed, were of the same nature as are ordinarily demanded in any physical investigation. In the first place the table-movers, whose services were employed, were not merely persons successful in producing this movement, but are vouch'd for by the Professor, as persons of honour and candour, yet, at the same time, influenced by a wish to establish the existence of a peculiar motive power. Faraday has satisfied himself that a table moves when the parties, although strongly wishing it, neither intend to nor believe that they do move it by the exertion of ordinary mechanical (muscular) force. All these persons agreed in the belief that the table moves the hands, not the hands the table, which appears to be the popular creed; so it was Dr. Faraday's object to prove to them and to the rest of the world that the truth lies in the exact converse of this proposition. The first thing done was to convince the movers that none of the materials employed in constructing the apparatus would in any way interfere with the results; to do this a bundle of plates was made up consisting of the most incongruous materials, whether electrically or ordinarily speaking, such

as glass, sand-paper, glue, moist-clay, tinfoil, wood, gutta-percha, &c., and this bundle, when affixed to a table, was placed under the hands of a turner; the table turned. This experiment, varied in many ways, was repeated with many persons (movers) with one uniform result, viz., the motion of the tables; so that no objection can be raised to the use of any or all of these materials as impeding or obstructing the presumed new force. The next step was to ascertain the development of electrical, magnetic, attractive, tangential, or repulsive forces, but in vain; no indication of these or any peculiar natural force could be detected, nor aught observed referrible to other than mere mechanical power exerted by the turner. The next thing was to determine the nature of this pressure, or at any rate so much of it as was exerted in a horizontal direction, and this, in the first instance, was done unawares to the mover. A soft cement of wax and turpentine, or wax and pomatum, was prepared, and four or five pieces of smooth slippery cardboard were fixed, one above the other, by pellets of this cement; the lowest of these cards was covered with sand-paper and rested on the table; the edges of the succeeding ones gradually overlapped each other, the exact position of each being indicated by a pencil-line drawn on the under surface of each overlapping piece of cardboard. The uppermost sheet was larger than the rest, so as to hide all beneath it from sight. This was then placed on a table, and the services of a turner called into play, who placed his hands on the large uppermost card. The use of the apparatus is due to the nature of the cement, which is strong enough to offer considerable resistance to mechanical motion, and also to retain the cards in any new position they might acquire; yet gives way slowly on the continued application of mechanical force. After some little time had elapsed, hands, cards, and table all moved to the left together, and a true result was obtained. On examination of the pack of cardboard, the displacement of the pencil-lines showed that the hands had moved further than the table, which, in fact, had lagged behind; the uppermost card had been pushed to the left, dragging first the under cards, and lastly the table, along with it. In other instances, when the table remained immovable, the upper card was found to have moved,—proving the hands to have carried it in the direction expected. Here, then, is one experimental proof that the table did not draw the hands and the experimenter after it, nor even simultaneously with it. On the contrary, the hands dragged along with them all things beneath them—both cardboard and table; the hands travelling further than anything below them, and, in truth, were retarded by the cards and table, which tended continually to keep the hands back. To show whether the table or the hands moved first, or both moved, or remained at rest together, an index was constructed by fixing an upright pin in a leaden foot, which stood upon the table, and using this as the fulcrum of a light lever, twelve inches long, made of foolscap paper. The short arm of this lever, about half an inch long, was attached to a pin inserted in the edge of a piece of cardboard placed on the table ready for the hands of the table turner; the long arm serving for the index of motion. The positions of both card and index were marked, the card-board being in the first instance fixed to the table by the cement before mentioned, whilst the index was hidden from the turner, or he looked away; when, before the table began to move, the deflection of the index in the expected direction showed the hands were already in motion and pressing that way. Under these circumstances the experiment was not pushed to the moving of the table, since the table-turner was made aware that he had inadvertently exerted a lateral force. The cement fixing the card to the table was now removed, which, however, could not have interfered with the anticipated results of the experiments, since the bundle of plates before described, and single pieces of cardboard had been easily moved on this table; but now that the index was there, betraying to the eye and thence to the mind the pressure inadvertently exercised, the judgment was corrected, and not the least tendency to motion was manifested either by cardboard or table. It made no difference whether the card was attached to the table or merely laid upon it; with the index in sight, all motion and even tendency to motion had vanished.

Dr. Faraday then describes a more complete apparatus, which is thus made. Two thin boards nine and a half inches by seven inches were provided, to the under side of one of which another board, nine inches by five inches, was glued so as to raise its edges above the table, and which was called the table board. This being put on the table, near and parallel to its side, an upright pin was fixed close to the further edge of the board, and equidistant from its ends, to serve as the fulcrum for the index lever. Four pieces of glass rod, seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, were placed as rollers on this table board, and the upper board placed upon them: it is obvious

that this arrangement will sustain any amount of pressure desired, with a perfectly free lateral motion of the upper on the lower board. A piece was cut out of the upper board, just opposite to the fulcrum-pin in the lower, and a pin, bent downwards at right angles, was driven in where this notch was made, the downward arm of the pin piercing the end of the short arm of the index-lever, made of cardboard, the longer indicator being a hay-stalk of some fifteen inches long. To somewhat restrain the facile motion of the upper on the lower board, two vulcanised rubber rings were passed around them at the places where the lower board did not rest on the table; these rings not only tied the boards together, but acted as springs, so that whilst they permitted the feeblest tendency to motion to be made evident by the index, they nevertheless exerted sufficient resistance before the upper board had moved a quarter of an inch on either side to resist even a strong lateral force exerted by the hand. All being thus arranged, excepting that the lever was removed, the boards were tied together tightly by strings running parallel to the india-rubber springs, so as to prevent their moving one upon the other. The apparatus was now placed on the table, and a table-turner sat down to it: shortly the table moved in due order, proving the nature of the apparatus offered no impediment to the motion. When metal rollers were substituted for glass ones the same result was produced. The index was now put in its place and the strings taken away, so as to allow the springs to come into play; it was soon seen, in the case of a party of table movers which could will the motion in either direction, but from whom the index was purposely hidden, that the hands were slowly creeping in the direction previously agreed upon, although the party certainly thought they were pressing downwards only. On being shown the true state of the case they were greatly surprised; but when, on lifting their hands, they saw the index immediately return to its original position, they were convinced. When the index was no longer hidden from them, and they could see for themselves whether they were pressing directly downwards, or obliquely, so as to produce motion either to the right or the left, no movement was ever effected. Several persons tried for a long while together, and with the best will in the world; but no motion right or left of the table, the hands, or anything else, ever occurred. The value of these results is the conviction thus brought home to the table-turner, that it is by his own muscular action, apparently of an involuntary kind, that the table, &c. is set in motion, and not that electricity, magnetism, attraction, a new force, supernatural or diabolical agency, is communicated through him—nations, it would seem, entertained by many, termed by courtesy educated men, but who, as a class, are ignorant of the first principles even of natural science, regarding its pursuit with an indifference approaching to contempt, and hearing of and witnessing its most striking and obvious applications with the stupid wonder of the savage at the appliances of civilised man.

We have seen that when the turners looked at the index it remained motionless, when it was hidden from them, or they looked away, it wavered about, in spite of their belief that they were only pressing directly downwards. Thus a corrective mental influence is exerted by the apparatus; and when the most earnest and successful turners attempt to operate with this index before them, telling truly whether they are pressing downwards only, or obliquely to right or left, their power is gone; so that, when they become conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, they remain no longer the victims of a self-delusion.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further, or to describe other modifications of this apparatus instanced by Dr. Faraday. For the curious and the candid sufficient has been said to enable them to construct the requisite apparatus and to convince themselves if still desirous of personal proof; for others, and they must be many in an age addicted to such strange hallucinations as the present, in which we find *pathies* and *isms* of all kinds patronised and credited by peer, priest, and peasant—some swallowing sugar globules, vouch'd for by one beneficed clergyman as a new revelation, and the final development of Christianity; others, with an Archbishop at their head, practising on hysterical and cataleptic people, and lending greedy ears to tales which are welcomed in exact ratio to their preposterous nature, of which practices and phenomena another priest declares, in plain terms, that they are inventions of the devil, a doctrine true in the main, inasmuch as the devil is the father of lies—for such others, I say, it is simply useless to multiply either experimental or deductive proofs. I cannot, however, quit this subject without quoting, word for word, the stern and well-merited reproof addressed to the nation by this eminent man. "Permit to say, before concluding," writes Dr. Faraday, "that I have been greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. No doubt there are many persons who have formed a right judgment or used a cautious reserve, for I know several such, and public communications have shown it to be so; but their number is almost as nothing to the great body who have believed and borne testimony, as I think, in the cause of error. I do not here refer to the distinction of those who agree with me and those who

differ. By the great body, I mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect, who refer the results to electricity and magnetism—yet know nothing of the laws of these forces; or to attraction—yet show no phenomena of pure attractive power; or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved round the leg of a table; or to some unrecognised physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient; or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of the action. *I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.*"

In the CRITIC for August 2, 1852, under the heading "Electro-Biology," will be found an abstract of Dr. Carpenter's valuable discourse on a subject cognate with this of table-turning.

HERMES.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### PORTRAITURE.

In England, until recently, portrait-painting was the artist's only refuge from starvation. It is said that when West on his arrival in England exhibited his picture of *Pygmalion and Orestes*, all the world came to see, admired and praised, but no mortal asked the price of it. One gentleman spoke of it in such raptures that a friend inquired why he did not buy the picture. "What could I do with it," was the reply, "if I had it? You would not surely have me hang up a modern English picture in my house, unless it were a portrait?" As people no longer hesitate to buy and hang up any thing that pleases their fancy, portraiture has become to some extent a speciality, having a distinct class of votaries of its own, whose mission it is to supply the public with reflections of their own faces and persons; and, notwithstanding daguerreotypes and photographs, long is it likely to continue one of the most popular branches of art. It is rarely now that we see portraits from the hands of the artists most distinguished in history or genre. When such a one occurs it is often a gem, such as that exquisite portrait by Webster of his parents exhibited a few years ago. Rumohr, writing to Haydon, judiciously remarks to that stern deprecator of portrait-painting: "I like the portraits of the great historical painters, and believe a portrait or two a year to be an excellent exercise for them, especially for colour's sake."

The portrait-painter may be considered as the pictorial biographer of the age. His business is to catch and fix the characters of men and women, and to hand down to posterity the visible manifestation of mind in faces, forms, and costume. Unlucky for the painter when nothing but inexpensive vacuity of countenance presents itself as the subject of his pencil. Few people have perhaps much of a history to tell, and those who have do not always show it in their faces. Often the man is a mere nucleus for garments, a clothed rubricundity, an accumulation of civic or professional trappings. As parts of the great pictorial history of our age, these representations have however their interest and their use. In the mean while contemporary beholders may be excused for finding themselves bored by the multitude of commonplace visages which look down from the Academy's walls, and for wishing that they could be moved off to make room for something more generally entertaining. Our best portrait-painters now seem to have got into a style of colouring between the florid glow of Reynolds and the slaty opaqueness of Lawrence—a medium naturally suggested perhaps by the prevalent plainness and sobriety of our costume. But our black coats do not become us as their rich dark habiliments did the senators of Holland and Venice. It is the symbol of our age, this avoidance of expression in dress—a Quakerish element in the ascendant. Absence of feature is the thing studied. It is not to be expected therefore that the portrait-painters should dwell with much warmth upon any part of the outer man except the face, and full-lengths are usually the least satisfactory performances in this department of art.

The most striking portraiture of the present year are those from the hand of Sir John Watson Gordon, who, in his likenesses of the *Provost of Peterhead* and *Dr. Christison*, combines intensity of expression with a quiet harmony of colour and repose of attitude, gratifying at once the intellect and the eye. Other portraits from the same hand share the like qualities, in greater or less degree; but all are noble and resolute, and instinct with mind. Next to these we must mention the works of Boxall, as fine representations of character, the faces having a peculiar life-like softness which no other painter of the day hits so well. For the fine expression of what there is of grace, dignity, and refinement in an English gentleman of the nineteenth century, these two painters must certainly come first.

In female portraiture Mr. F. Grant takes the lead. Nature and unaffected grace are admirably rendered by him. But his male portraits have something feminine in quality; they lack the expansiveness and

power of the masculine character. They breathe of refinement and the drawing-room rather than of the rude energy of practical life.

Mr. Knight has a solid material fleshiness, which tells well in certain subjects. His faces overflow rather with life than with deep expression. On a smaller scale, Mr. J. Hollins hits the quiet reality of life with great success, as an instance of which we may point to his picture of *Grouse-shooting on the Moors*, containing portraits of Mr. T. Bass, Esq. M.P. his gamekeeper and gillies.

The *Arctic Council discussing the plan of search for Sir John Franklin*, combining portraits of the most distinguished Arctic voyagers, by Mr. S. Pearce, deserves mention as an interesting assemblage of likenesses grouped with considerable skill and taste.

Mr. Hunt's picture, placed in the catalogue under the title *New College Cloisters, 1852*, is a portrait *sui generis*. It is an embodied thought, and has much of that intensity of expression which is found in the heads of old Lucas Cranach and others of the early German school.

In the department of miniature painting, Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., and Sir W. J. Newton, may be considered entitled to the first mention, as the accepted favourites of the world of fashion; and Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A., has long been the chosen limner of all that floats lightest and frothiest in the highest altitudes of gossamer existence.

But we turn with more pleasure to the pictures of Thorburn, who combines the delicate beauty of the miniature style with a grandeur and depth of colour rarely attained on ivory. Mr. Carrick's faces are so pale and thin in colour, that they seem as if half washed out; nevertheless they are generally interesting. H. T. Wells, C. Couzens, and W. W. Scott, have this year excellent portraits; the likeness of Mr. Thomas Webster, R.A., by the last named, is capital. Thus much briefly about our painters "in little," who have now to contend with the formidable rivalry of sun-paintings, whether on metal or paper, a contest from which they ought in the end to derive benefit and improvement. The sun, that mighty artist, proves too great a mannerist, giving all his sitters a certain family likeness; but the microscopic reproduction of each minute peculiarity, and the effects of light and shade presented by these works, must be highly suggestive.

W. G.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The King of Prussia has ordered that the portrait of Jacob Grimm, the philologist, shall be placed in the Gallery of Contemporary Celebrities created by him in the Palace of Charlottenburg; and has commissioned M. Begas, the painter of the portraits of Humboldt and Meyerbeer in the same collection, with the work.—The cost of manufacturing stupendous mountains and vast prairies was illustrated in the law courts last week. In Cremorne may be seen Mexico, with its vast prairies and antique temples; then comes Switzerland, with its lakes and mountains; afterwards California; and, lastly, Nineveh, the oldest and yet the most modern city in the world. These paintings occupy about forty feet, and cost forty shillings a foot. In another building Westminster Hall is exhibited, and there the visitor "may have the pleasure of looking into the Court of Common Pleas, and losing nothing by the visit." So spoke the advocate for the manufacturer, who, not being paid for his work, sued the proprietors for the money. He was awarded 10*sh.* 6*d.* for his construction of so much of the world.

The *Adoration of the Virgin*, by Giorgione, one of the late Mr. Woodburn's pictures, in the sale room of Messrs. Christie and Manson, was purchased for the National Gallery, at the price of five hundred guineas.—An exhibition of the works of living artists is to open at Munich on the 10th of August, and remain open two months; foreigners are invited to contribute. The works sent in must be at Munich before the 10th of August.—The Indian papers announce that the munificent Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, has made over 10,000*l.* to Government, for the purpose of endowing a school of design at Bombay.—A monument to Justus Lipsius, the great scholar and critic of Brabant, has just been erected at Overijssche, near Brussels, his native place. It consists of his bust placed on a pedestal, with a suitable inscription in Latin. It was solemnly inaugurated a few days ago with great pomp by the Minister of the Interior.—The celebrated garden of the Church of Peace, at Potsdam, is about to receive, by order of the King, a feature of a novel kind. This is a tall column, whose shaft is crystal—decorated in its whole length by innumerable spiral lines of blue and white colours interlaced. The base and capital are Corinthian—of bronze, gilt. The shaft sustains an emblematic figure of Peace, in bronze, gilt—six feet in height—and the whole will stand on a pedestal of white Carrara marble. The designer of this monument is M. Hesse, one of the court architects: the figure of Peace is modelling by the sculptor Rauch. The shaft has been executed at the famous glass works of the Count of Schaffgots, near Breslau, and is described as being of surpassing beauty.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.  
At the state christening of H.R.H. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, on Monday evening week, a part of the service-music performed was a Psalm by his Majesty the King of Hanover.—An Italian Opera in Edinburgh is contemplated; and it is said, artistes have been already engaged—Mr. H. Leslie has made considerable progress in an Oratorio, which may probably be produced during the next season's performances of the *Harmonic Union*.—There is again a rumour of English Opera at Drury Lane,—to commence in October, to close in December—in the establishment and arrangements connected with which Mr. Jarrett, the professor of the horn, is said to take a leading part.—His Majesty the King of Hanover has been pleased to present to Mr. Moncreiff, the dramatist—now a brother of the Charterhouse, and, like his august patron, totally blind—the Royal Hanoverian Medal of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Moncreiff, shortly before his Majesty succeeded to the throne, dedicated his selection of plays in three volumes to the then Crown Prince of Hanover.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* publishes a royal decree, establishing a prize of 1400 francs for the best dramatic production of from three to five acts, represented in the Theatre Royal of Turin in the course of this year; another prize of 1000 francs for the second best, of from two to five acts; and a third of 600 francs for the third best, of from one to five acts.—*Cocks's Musical Miscellany* gives the following curious list in proof of the longevity of musicians:—Dr. Alridge, 91; Dr. Ayrton, 74; Barthelemon, 74; Bird, 80; Dr. Burney, 88; Dr. Child, 90; Clementi, 80; Cervitto, 96; D. Corri, 80; Crossill, 70; Geminiani, 96; Giardini, 80; Gluck, 75; Neil Gow, 80; Handel, 75; Haydn, 76; M. Kelly, 76; Madame Mara, 82; Dr. Miller, 76; Palestina, 81; Pouchee, 109; John Parke, 84; J. P. Salomon, 77; J. Sale, 72; J. S. Smith, 86; W. Shield, 80; Sir J. Stevenson, 74; S. Webbe, 77; C. Wesley, 78; S. Wesley, 70; &c.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

THACKERAY has a new serial in preparation.—Mr. Samuel Warren's works will shortly be republished in a cheap form, in weekly and monthly parts, commencing with the *Diary of a Physician*.—M. Prosper Merimée has been named by the French Emperor a member of the Senate. This nomination gives him a salary of 1200l. a year. M. Merimée is favourably known in modern literature.—His Majesty the King of Hanover has conferred on Mr. S. W. Fullom, the author of *The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ*, the Hanoverian medal of the Arts and Sciences, to mark his approbation of that work.—It is not generally known that the King of Hanover exhibited powers as an author which might have enabled him to attain distinguished eminence in literature, had not the ordinary and most urgent motives for their exertions been neutralised or excluded by his exalted rank. In 1839 his Majesty, then Crown Prince, published anonymously at Hanover, a little work in German, entitled, *Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Music* (*Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music*), which was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review* for September 1840, in an article beginning thus:—"This little work is well known, although not openly avowed, production of Prince George of Hanover; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to it, as incontestably establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished among New contemporaries scions of royalty."

The New York Exhibition is not to be opened until the 15th of July.—The next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is appointed to commence on Wednesday, the 7th of September. The place of meeting, our readers already know, is Hull.—In the same quarter, the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland is announced to take place at Chichester, on Tuesday, the 12th of July.—The scientific discoveries of Lieutenant Maury, of the National Observatory, Washington, have much facilitated navigation. The rapid voyage from California of the *Sovereign of the Seas* (eighty-two days), resulted from a careful action on the theories of winds and ocean currents announced by the *savant*, and since then two other ships have made other voyages equally expeditious.—Dr. Reid's claim for 10,250l. on account of his services in the ventilation of the New Houses of Parliament, has been cut down by the arbitrators to 3250l.—7000l. less than the amount claimed. The sum awarded has been paid to the Doctor, and his services are discontinued. The arbitrators, Mr. William Forsyth and Dr. John Forbes, held "upwards of thirty meetings" before they made their award.—It is the intention of the Prussian Government to hold next year in Berlin a general exhibition of the Arts of Germany. The plan is, to assemble the most remarkable works and products which have appeared within the last five-and-twenty years, a period which goes back to the revival of German art. The various German States will shortly be invited to co-operate.—From a return just issued it appears that there were eleven

pensions granted between the 20th of June, 1872, and the 20th of June last, charged upon the civil list, amounting to 1200l. To John Russell Hind, the astronomer, 200l.; Gideon Algernon Mantell, the geologist, 100l.; Caroline Southey (widow of the late poet laureat), 200l.; Nancy Taylor (widow of Colonel Taylor, killed at Sobraon), 100l.; Francis Ronalds, for discoveries in electricity, &c., 75l.; Charles Richardson, author, 75l.; Louisa Stuart Costello, authoress, 75l.; Jane Pugin, wife of R. W. Pugin, architect, 100l.; Elizabeth Hester Colby, wife of Major-General Colby, 100l.; William Jerdon, "in consideration of his services to literature for many years, and his distressed circumstances at an advanced period of life, 100l." and Elizabeth M. Dunbar, widow of the late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 75l., and her three daughters, for the survivors or survivor of them.—During the last few days some very interesting collections of autographs and music have been brought to the hammer by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson of Piccadilly. The sale commenced on Thursday week, with about 1200 autograph letters of Thomas Moore to Mr. Power, his music publisher. These letters, extending over the period between 1808 and 1836, furnish data for a complete history of the poet, as they not only treat of the matters of business between Moore and his publisher, but touch on nearly every subject upon which he was engaged, and reveal more of his domestic history, perhaps, than any other series of papers that can be pointed out. It is matter of much regret that such series should have been dispersed; even the sale catalogue (extending to near 150 pages) is a readable book; but the letters themselves, in the hands of a skilful editor, would have presented materials for such a history of Moore as could scarcely be supplied from any other source. At the sale, the value of the correspondence in a literary point of view was far from realised, the letters being arranged in lots as autographs merely, and sold for comparatively small sums, only here and there an article reaching from one to two pounds. The foregoing notice applies to the sale of Thursday and Friday. On Saturday some copyright musical works of Moore formed the subject of the auction, but scarcely furnish any matter for remark. On this day's sale, four songs of Mrs. Hemans, in her autograph, sold for 9l. 12s.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &amp;c.

SAINT JAMES'S THEATRE.—German Plays: *Egmont*, *Faust*, &c. &c.—Emil Devrient,—Dessoir,—Fräulein Fuhr.

OLYMPIC.—*Shylock; or the Jew of Venice Preserved*: a Burlesque in one act, by Francis Talfourd, Esq. Mr. JAMES HANNAH'S LECTURES ON SATIRICAL LITERATURE.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

MISS RAINFORTH'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.

JULLIEN'S FAREWELLS.

THERE is much controversy about Emil Devrient, and we shall not mingle in it, because we do not perfectly appreciate half his faults, and certainly not a tithe of his beauties. Since the arrival of the German troupe, Schiller's *Egmont*, the *William Tell*, and the *Faust*, have been given; also a comedy called *Donna Diana*, not unlike *The Taming of a Shrew* in design. Indisposition prevented Devrient from playing *Faust*, and Dessoir was compelled to undertake that part, forsaking *Mephistopheles*, in which he is so manifestly superior. Among the new introductions we cannot omit mention of the Fräulein Fuhr, a charming and promising young actress. She made her *début* as Gretchen. We are not of those enthusiastic worshippers of Goethe who think that his pieces are perfect in every respect. *Faust* is a perfect poem, romantic-philosophic; it requires great study and pondering over before it can be appreciated; it loses therefore much from the necessary elisions and hasty interpretation of the stage; however, as a curious dramatic experiment, it is well worth seeing once.

Mr. Talfourd's "Shylock" is a fit pendant for his "Macbeth." It may be bad taste, but it's good writing. What cares the pit for canons of taste? It goes to laugh, and Mr. Talfourd makes it roar lustily to its heart's content. Mr. Robson's impersonation is certainly a very extraordinary and altogether unique performance. There is a natural disposition among the many to praise and blame in extremes, and perhaps the critics even have been led, by a recognition of something quite novel in Mr. Robson, to overpraise him slightly. Let not his head be turned by this. Let him go on and prosper, and he will find a school for himself—the *ne plus ultra* of an actor's ambition—all that can be said upon "holding the mirror up to nature" notwithstanding. Mr. Clifton's burlesque of the ghost in the "Corsicans" is *unpayable*. There is a pretty little lady named Harriet Gordon, who is about as saucy and charming as possible in *Nerissa*. Altogether this is a piece of foolery to be seen.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Hannay brought his series of lectures to a close, by a comprehensive review of the Modern School of Satire, including Byron, Hook, Gifford, &c., and concluded with a most brilliant and epigrammatic sketch of the *Simous* School of Literary Jesters, in whom he pointed out several points of resemblance to the mediæval fool—the com-

parison being, indeed, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. We hope that it will not be long before we have the pleasant task of noticing more lectures by Mr. Hannay. Whatever may have been the want of encouragement, in a pecuniary point of view, given by the public to this first series, Mr. Hannay has too much good sense, and too intricate a knowledge of our good friend the public, to be disheartened thereby. The public is a very good fellow, and has very good sense and plenty of generosity; but, somehow or other, he hasn't much time to spare in judging for himself, and, until a man's name has been put very continually under his nose, he won't believe that he is worth going to hear.

Where the curious little creatures now exhibiting at the Hanover-square Rooms really came from, seems likely to be an obscure point. If they really are aboriginal Mexicans, the ease with which Cortez and his handful of men conquered Mexico is explained. The statement offered by the exhibitors is as follows:

"In 1848, Mr. Huertis, of Baltimore, and Mr. Hammond, of Canada, attempted to explore Central America. They had read Stephens's account in his *Central America*, of a conversation between himself and a priest residing at Santa Cruz del Quiche, relative to an unexplored city on the other side of the great Sierra range, the glittering domes and minarets of which the priest averred having seen from the summit of the Sierra. The people, manners, and customs, of this city were supposed to be precisely the same as in the days of Montezuma. Messrs. Huertis and Hammond arrived at Belize in the autumn of 1848, and, turning south-west, arrived at Coban on Christmas-day. They were there joined by Pedro Velasquez of San Salvador, a Spaniard. From Coban they proceeded in search of the mysterious city. From Velasquez alone is any account of their travels to be obtained. Huertis and Hammond have never returned to tell their tale. According to the statement of Velasquez, on the 19th of May they reached the summit of the Sierra, at an altitude of 9500 feet, in lat. 15 deg. 48 min. N., and beheld in the distance the domes and minarets of a large city, apparently of an Egyptian character, and about twenty-five leagues from Ocosingo, in the same latitude, and in the direct course of the river Lugaros. This city they eventually reached. Velasquez describes it to be of vast proportions, with heavy walls and battlements, full of temples, gigantic statues, and pagan paraphernalia; the people having Peruvian manners combined with Assyrian magnificence, and bound to remain within the walls, seeking no intercourse with the world around. The name of the city is Iximaya. The travellers were informed that white men had previously entered it, but that no white man had ever returned. Hammond and Huertis were both slain—the former in entering the city, the latter in endeavouring to make his escape. Velasquez, being more wary, lulled his captors into security, and not only escaped himself, but brought with him two children belonging to the priests—the two now in England."

This is a very extraordinary relation, and it cannot, of course, be accepted without further investigation. Professor Owen has examined the little creatures, and reports that "they are not a new species of the genus *homo*; and gives it as his opinion that the boy's age is thirteen, and the girl's nine—not seventeen and eleven, as the exhibitors declare. They are lively little specimens of humanity, with physiognomy resembling the Jewish type, very strongly developed. Their hair is in thick black curls; and their heads are very small. The complexion is very dark olive; and the skin perfectly clear and pure. Their limbs are lithe and slender; and there is nothing like a deformity perceptible, beyond a very slight awkwardness of gait. They appear to have no language of their own, and communicate their wants by pantomime. They readily pick up English words; and exhibit proofs of perfect intelligence. They play merrily with the English children who visit them: and—oh! wonderful catholicity of child-language, universal and comprehensible as lover-language!—with them, they appear perfectly at home. They seem entirely unconscious of the fact that they are being made an exhibition of.

A Panorama of the City of Mexico is now exhibiting at Burford's, and will well repay the curious loungers the trouble of a visit. You stand upon the tower of the cathedral, in the very centre of the city. The city lies around—a city of domes: it is eight miles in circumference. Around lies the Vega—a fertile plain; a lake is behind, and, further on, the snow-tipped mountains. All these have names spelt of q's and x's, which our supply of those literals will not allow us to print.

On Wednesday afternoon we attended one of Miss Rainforth's Scottish Entertainments, at Willis's Rooms, and were highly delighted. The songs were judiciously chosen and admirably delivered, and the little bits of explanatory lecture between the songs were graceful and appropriate. Mr. Lovell Phillips presided over the piano with his accustomed taste. The room was numerously and fashionably attended, almost to crowding; and many were the sweet faces "froe north o'Tweed," which, but for their silks and satins, would have passed for "heather bells," or peers of Burns's Nannie.

We thought Jullien had gone to America, and was half-way on his road back again to Old England by

this time, when, lo! he turns up for another farewell. Well, good-bye once more to you, Jullien, mon cher. Get away about your business to America. Don't give us another concert and another *bal masqué* this terrible hot weather; and if you come back in the cool of the winter we may perhaps take a julep with you en Pierrot sometime about Christmas.

## OBITUARY.

**COCKTON.**—On the 26th ult., aged 45, at Bury, Mr. H. Cockton, author of *Valentine Vox*, *Sylvester Sound*, and other works.

**FAUSSETT.**—Recently, aged 72, the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, D.D., Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church.

**HONAN.**—On the 4th inst., at 27, Nottingham-place, the residence of his mother-in-law, the Marquise de la Beliniaye, Michael Burke Honan, Esq.

**LAST SLAVE SOLD IN ENGLAND.**—Can any of your correspondents tell me the date of the last public slave sale in England? Till the establishment of Granville Sharpe's great principle in 1772, announcements of these are by no means uncommon. The following, from the *Public Ledger* of December 31, 1761, grates harshly upon the feelings of the present generation:—“For sale, a healthy negro girl, aged about 15 years; speaks good English, works at her needle, washes well, does household work, and has had the smallpox.”—From *Notes and Queries*.

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